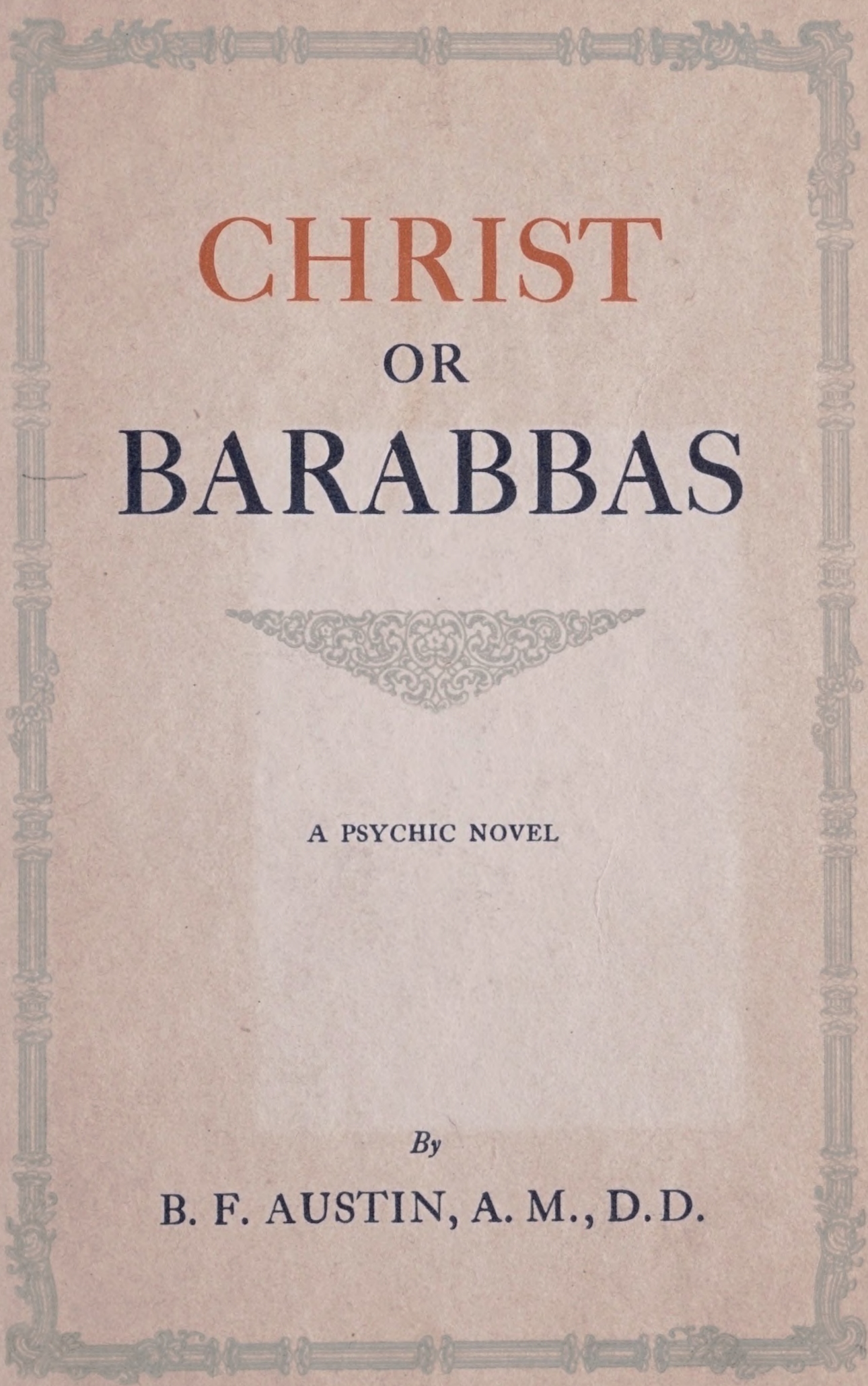




CHRIST OR BARABBAS

A PSYCHIC NOVEL

By

B. F. AUSTIN, A. M., D.D.

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"The Mystery of Ashton Hall," "Self Unfoldment," "Rational
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"Rifts in the Cloud,"

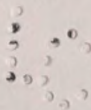
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CHAPTER I.

The Conspiracy

In the fall of 1906 there were gathered one evening in a private parlor of the hotel Astoria in Boston four medical students around a table plentifully supplied with wine and stronger drink, all of them more or less under the influence of intoxicants. First in order, as in a sort of natural leadership, was Charles Algernon Havergal, the son of a leading clergyman in a city of California noted for its great beauty and the number of its millionaires. Tall, sinewy in frame, prepossessing and magnetic in personality, and with an air of good breeding and courtesy, he won his way to favor easily in the social circle and to leadership among his boon companions. As a minister's son he illustrated the adage: "the nearer the church, the farther from grace." At home and in the circle of his home surroundings he was apparently greatly interested in church work, and a regular attendant upon religious services, but away from home ties and influences, his conduct showed an absence of moral principle and a moral perversity that would have shocked his family and home friends. Having successfully completed his matriculation studies and passed the examination with some credit his over-indulgent parents naturally looked forward to a brilliant college career for young Havergal in whatever profession he might select for his life work.

Three things had contributed chiefly to his moral downfall—the stern austerity and unbending restraint and discipline of his father in the home life, the over-indulgence of his fond, yet weak and doting mother, and a too liberal supply of spending money in the hands

of one who had never earned a dollar or learned how to properly use a dollar. Add to this the drinking habits and devil-may-care spirit prevalent in certain medical colleges and we have the explanation of a minister's son at twenty-three who was a hypocrite in religion and a shameless libertine who could ruthlessly betray the innocent and heartlessly cast aside the victims of his own indulgence.

Richard Holbrook and James Ashton—"Dick" and "Jimmie" as they were called—were about Havergal's age and very much of the same type of character and both of them admirers and imitators of their leader. They especially gloried in the achievements of Havergal, his skill and daring in winning the favor of the fair sex.

Somewhat younger, more sedate, circumspect and conscientious was Thomas Fairbanks, who, though a victim of the drink habit, still possessed a sense of truth and right, that no degree of inebriety could fully submerge.

All were smoking as Havergal called out, "Boys, fill her up again and I'll tell you what's on my mind."

After a quick response from his chums, Charlie continued

"Do you remember that stunningly pretty waitress at the Italian restaurant where we dined two weeks ago? Well, I have half a mind to drop my little French Beauty and pay court to the waitress, Rose Cameron!"

"I'll bet you could win her Charlie, if you tried," said Dick.

"To be sure you could," added Jimmie.

"Of course I could win her," responded Charlie, now in a semi-intoxicated and boastful frame of temper. "I get what I want, you know—it's only a question of time and patience. And, by Jove, I'll do it. What do you think of that, boys?"

"If you once got an introduction, Charlie, and could fasten those magnetic eyes of yours upon her,

you would win her all right, my boy," said Jimmie.

"What do you say, Tom?" asked Charlie of Fairbanks who had been silent and thoughtful.

"I say," replied Tom, "it would add nothing to your credit if you did win her, but I think you overestimate yourself as a lady-killer."

"Oh, you think I overestimate myself, do you?" said Charles in a nasty temper. "I overestimate myself, do I? Well, I'll bet you one hundred dollars that I take Rose Cameron out to dinner inside of two weeks and that I marry her within four weeks."

"Marry her!" they shouted in chorus. "Are you crazy?" asked Dick.

"Not more than usual," laughed Charlie.

After another glass and a moment of silence Havergal arose and said,

"It's not a bad idea—marrying Rose Cameron," and then chuckling half audibly, "there are lots of divorce courts, and trial marriages are being advocated these days, and then there are legal marriages and marriages not so legal—real marriages and mock marriages. Damn me—but it's a good idea! Who wants to take my bet?"

At this challenge Fairbanks arose, and pointing his finger at Havergal, he said, "Charlie, you are a scoundrel I know, but you are too much of a coward to marry that waitress. And I don't believe she would wipe her shoes on you. She's a lady as any one can see."

"Damn you!" cried Havergal now in a rage. "I'm a fool and a scoundrel, am I? And a coward too?"

Throwing off his coat he rushed at Tom and aimed a vicious blow at him which was deftly parried, and by this time their chums separated them and young Fairbanks was persuaded to apologize, after which he accepted the wager and the following paper was drawn up and duly signed by each.

Boston, October, 1906.

Richard Algernon Havergal wagers Thomas Fairbanks the sum of One Hundred Dollars that he will take out to dinner within two weeks, Rose Cameron, waitress at the Italian Restaurant, and marry her within four weeks.

(Signed) Charles A. Havergal,
Thomas Fairbanks.

Tom, in signing, declared that the marriage was to be a legal one and no mockery—that the man who would concoct a mock-marriage was too contemptible a creature to live and breathe the air and sunlight—and that if any friend of his was ever guilty of such an act, he would himself try to put him where he justly belonged—behind prison bars. And so, having relieved his conscience and deposited his money with Dick as stakeholder, he took leave of his companions.

After Fairbanks left there was considerable more drinking and Havergal called out,

“Boys, I mean to win that bet and I rely on you to help me. I need your help in two ways; first in the introduction and then in the marriage ceremony. I’ve thought it out in part and here’s my plan. Rose lives on a short and narrow street off Main street. Some night I want you to fix up as street ruffians and attack her on the way home—say about eleven o’clock, as that is about the hour she returns home. And I, of course, in college gown and hat appear as one of the Faculty and after a rough and tumble fight I am victorious and pose as her heroic defender. Let it be tomorrow evening. Meet me at ten thirty P. M. at Ruggles’ saloon on Main street. Say— isn’t that an idea worthy of a genius?”

The boys whose brains were muddled with drink readily assented and doubtless to them it appeared as an excellent college escapade, quite allowable under the circumstances.

And thus began the Tragedy of a Human Life!

On her return next evening when within a few blocks of her aunt's house—Rose Cameron who was an orphan—was attacked and roughly treated for a time by two ill-favored tramps, and Havergal happening (?) to be coming from the opposite direction at the time called out to the ruffians,

“Hands off, you rascals! Leave that lady alone!”

Throwing off his gown and hat he engaged most vigorously the two marauders. He was twice knocked down, and his face and hair soon showed signs of the desperate struggle which lasted several minutes, till releasing himself from the embrace of his opponent he dealt him a vigorous blow which temporarily disabled him, and seizing the other soon had him upon his back begging for mercy. After visiting condign punishment upon her ruffianly assailants, he was gathering up his things preparatory to departure when Rose extended her hand and gave generous praise for his timely assistance. After he escorted her to her home he handed her a card which bore the name of Prof. Reginald Squires.

Three weeks later, at her aunt's cottage a marriage was solemnized and Rose received a marriage certificate from the hands of the officiating clergyman.

A month afterwards two gentlemen called upon Rose with the sad intelligence of the death of Prof. Reginald Squires by drowning. One of the men was professedly a friend of the Professor and the other his lawyer. They gave so circumstantial an account of his death and the search, fruitless so far, for his body as to convince Rose she was a widow, and to satisfy her of the propriety of yielding up the marriage certificate to enable the lawyer in her behalf to claim her share of the Professor's estate, promising to report daily as to the finding of the body and their progress in securing her claims to the property.

Day after day Rose waited and watched for their coming till "hope deferred" made her heart sick and she yielded at last to the inevitable and saw the whole light of life go out in the blackness of despair.

CHAPTER II.

The Discovery

Six months have elapsed—crowded full of agony and heart-break for the beautiful waitress of the Italian Restaurant.

Our story now shifts from the aunt's cottage in Boston to the Havergal home in the lovely city of ——— California.

After the short courtship and a few weeks of married life the shock of her great misfortune drove her for a time into utter incapacity for work or thought, and she was compelled to give up her position and sank into a condition of nervous prostration out of which she gradually recovered her physical strength, but heart and courage were gone out of her life. Her aunt, never too pleasant and agreeable, had favored the early wedding with the College Professor, completely carried away with the adroit flattery which Havergal employed, and allured by the hints of his wealth thrown out in his conversation.

As soon as it became apparent to her mind that no fortune was to come into the family, and that poor Rose had been basely deceived, she chided her most unmercifully for her folly, and upbraided her for giving up her marriage certificate—and constantly sought to impress Rose's mind with the thought that no real marriage had taken place. Rose, however, persisted in holding fast to the hope that some unforeseen happening had delayed proceedings, and that despite all appearances to the contrary, she would yet find her worst fears untrue.

As the days passed, however, and no tidings of any kind came to cheer her, and her aunt's reproaches increased in bitterness, her position became unbearable. Her aunt in her gusts of vituperation declared that unless the matter could be publicly righted by securing the marriage certificate, she would not tolerate Rose's presence longer in the family.

Rose, stung to madness by her aunt's reproaches, resolved to go out into the world alone and face the fate that awaited her. So with the small sum which she had saved from her earnings, assisted slightly by her aunt who seemed anxious to get rid of her, she turned her face toward the setting sun. After a rapid journey she found herself in the famous San Gabriel Valley with its checker-board of orchards of oranges, lemons and apricots, and its gorgeous wealth of flowers, in sight of Mt. Lowe and Mt. Wilson, one of the loveliest and most favored spots of earth.

Her desire to get as far away from the scene of the calamity which had fallen on her young life was gratified. Unable to find employment of the kind she had in Boston through lack of references, she resolved to seek work as a domestic for a time in some private home.

Was it coincidence, chance or fate that brought her wandering footsteps all unknowing to the home of her betrayer? Some undoubtedly would find in this singular fact an over-ruling Providence; some the kindly monition of unseen helpers, while others would affirm a Nemesis followed the footsteps of transgressors bringing home condign punishment upon the betrayer of youthful innocence.

Dr. Richard Havergal was one of the most eminent clergymen of his body and ministered to a congregation representing largely the wealth and intelligence of the affluent city of P———. He was a man of sincere piety, stern and unbending in his maintenance of the old theology, and holding out bravely against the on-

slaught of the wider and more liberal views of today and the attacks of the Higher Criticism. He set forth religion as a duty and not a privilege, and dwelt largely in his teachings on the fall and degradation of human nature and the Gospel Plan of redemption as the only remedy for the sins and sufferings of the race.

Mrs. Havergal had in her character more of the brightness and joy of religion as a service of humanity, and reflected more of that "love of good" which Tennyson believed was "common to all men." She was a woman of great grace and beauty, with a heart full of sympathy for human suffering and she heard with liveliest compassion Rose's story of her orphan life, her loneliness and her desire to win an honest livelihood. She was impressed with the speech, manner and pleasing personality of Rose and soon made her a welcome guest in the home circle and gave her abundant proofs of her generous compassion and hearty good-will. Through her efforts Rose soon entered a class of instruction in religious teaching and after a few months was admitted to membership in Dr. Havergal's church.

Shortly after this event several minor circumstances aroused Mrs. Havergal's suspicions as to Rose's condition, and one day she sought a private interview with Rose and asked her if she was not soon to become a mother. And Rose, surprised, confused and heart-broken burst into a flood of tears and confessed the truth. When further questioned by Mrs. Havergal she declared that she was a married woman and her husband was dead, had been drowned shortly after their marriage. On being further pressed for information, being from Mrs. Havergal's manner now convinced of the seeming improbability of her story, she declined to answer all further questioning.

Not long after she was waited upon by a delegation of the elect ladies of the church, who in a peremptory way proceeded to examine and cross question her categorically. And Rose not feeling under obligation

to them, as she did to Mrs. Havergal, gave them but little information, and very soon became angry and utterly refused to continue the conversation. She resented the intrusion of strangers into her life, feeling that her mind was enough perturbed, and her heart had sufficient of human sorrow without the meddlesome curiosity of strangers as an additional burden. She began seriously to doubt that she had ever been legally married, and again, she would, as her only consolation, cherish hope against hope in the honesty of the gallant young lover to whom she had yielded her affections and her hand.

Soon after the interviews alluded to above, the elect ladies failing to gain satisfactory answers from Rose, the whole matter was taken up and thoroughly canvassed in a family council in the pastor's parlor to which a few of the elders and their wives were admitted, and it was speedily decided, largely on the opinion of Dr. Havergal—that in the interests of the younger children, and to avoid the scandal of an illegitimate (?) birth in the household, Rose must shortly leave the Manse. Mrs. Havergal was sorely pained by this decision, but yielded to the superior judgment of her husband and of the council, and matters were in this condition when the hopeful son and heir of the Havergal home, Charles Algernon Havergal, wended his way—like Rose all unknowing what awaited him—to his home early in July from his adventures in the Medical College.

The Reverend head of the house was in his study prayerfully compounding his sermon for the following Sunday. The children were at school and Mrs. Havergal attending to some duties in the kitchen. Rose attired in a wrapper was dusting the furniture of the parlor, when Charles, cigarette in hand, and singing snatches of a merry song, entered the room. He did not see Rose on entering, and when he caught a reflection of her in the mirror did not recognize her at

first as her face was turned from him. But when she turned to see who had entered she instantly recognized him and his recognition of her was immediate. Surprised and frightened by the mutual recognition both started to leave the room by the same door and coming into contact he called out hoarsely,

"Great God! Rose Cameron!"

And when she heard the voice and her consciousness was awakened to the fact that her husband was there in very truth before her, she threw her arms about his neck and cried,

"Oh, Reginald, you are alive! They told me you were dead!"

And he, hastily releasing himself from her embracing arms, gasped out,

"I wish to Heaven I were dead! What brought you here? Here—of all places in the world—here!"

Just at this moment Mrs. Havergal, attracted by the voices entered the room on the opposite side, and standing behind the half-open door, heard and witnessed the dramatic meeting.

And Rose, now fully awakened to the character of the man she believed her husband and to the hopelessness of her condition reached out appealing hands to him and said,

"Oh, Reginald! Reginald! Are you not glad to see me?"

And he in furious temper hissed out:

"Yes! Like h—— I'm glad to see you. I am not Reginald and I am not your husband. Don't you know who I am?"

And Rose tottering beneath these cruel blows cried out,

"You married me as Professor Reginald Squires! You lived with me as my husband one month! Who in Heaven's name are you?"

And he, putting his lips to her ears and lowering his voice said,

"I am Charles Algernon Havergal. My people live here. If you breathe a word to them I am ruined. What brought you here?"

Rose had fainted, but with a dash of cold water he restored her. And Rose—bewildered—awakening to full consciousness again—with face and voice expressing unutterable misery said,

"I don't know—what—brought—me—here. I had a little money. Aunt did not want me there. Your friends said you were dead. After they got my certificate Aunt would not keep me there. I had to go somewhere. I thought you were dead."

But Havergal beside himself with rage seizing her hands again demanded,

"Why did you come here?"

And Rose, sobbing, said,

"Oh, I do not know! I do not know! I wanted to get as far away as I could—hoping strangers would never know." Then seizing him by the coat she cried,

"Tell me, was it all a mockery—our marriage?"

And he answered, "Oh—I suppose—that's about it!"

Rose: "Then I was never married to you. It—was—all—a—plot?"

Havergal: "Yes, and you must get out of this—and never breathe a word of this. It would ruin my whole life. I'll——"

Rose: "Ruin you? But what of me? What of your unborn child?" And springing at him in a fury of rage she seized him by the coat and hissed in his ear, "Ruin you! You contemptible cur! Ruin you! If there was soul enough in you worth damning, God's judgments would strike you dead!"

Then turning as if to find the family she said, "As God lives I'll not be turned into the world in disgrace out of your home! I'll tell all! All!"

Havergal: "Rose! Rose! Listen to me! Don't ruin the family! See—I'll pay you well—but go—and

say nothing! Here's money—I'll give you more—" and thrusting a roll of bills into her hand.

Rose: "Money from you!" throwing the bills in his face. "Money from you! I'd gladly starve first!"

Havergal: "Oh, Rose be merciful!"

Rose: "As you have been to me!"

Havergal: "But Rose, you'll ruin my career!"

Rose: "You selfish libertine! Neither you nor your career are worth saving!"

She struggled to free herself and depart but Havergal detained her and said:

"Rose, this would kill my mother! Her heart is weak! It would surely kill her!"

And Rose, penitent, meditating, as if in soliloquy: "Yes, it would kill your mother—and she was—kind to me—a stranger. And I—will—save—her!"

Then looking upon Havergal again a sudden fury possessed her and, rushing upon him, she seized him by the throat and said:

"If you ever cross my path again I will kill you as I would a viper!" Then she left the room.

While arranging his disordered collar and tie his mother entered the room and he rushed forward with extended arms to greet her. But she, pale, implacable and unresponsive to his greeting, looked sternly upon him and, pointing to a chair, commanded him to sit down. And Havergal, cowering and confused, with downcast face obeyed her.

And she continued standing in a most painful silence for a time; at last seated herself, and pressing her hand against her throbbing heart, said:

"I have heard it all!"

Then after a moment's rest she continued.

"Had God willed it I would rather have looked upon your cold face in the coffin than to look upon you as a base libertine, a betrayer of innocence, plotting with evil men the ruin of an orphan girl!—My God! —the burden seems greater than I can bear!—But

I'm thankful—the way of duty is plain. I will defend Rose and expose you!"

Havergal, now fully aroused, cried out:

"My God, mother, will you ruin me? You, my own sweet mother, will you ruin me when she is willing to spare me?"

Mrs. Havergal: "Silence! Is your soul so small and mean you can think only of yourself? This day I blush that I am your mother——"

Havergal: "But Mother, Mother, it cannot be helped now! Why ruin yourself, and father, and the girls?"

Mrs. Havergal, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable emotion and swaying to and fro in her agony, cried out:

"Heaven help me! Heaven pity my poor girls! But I must defend the innocent and expose the guilty,—and I'll do my duty if it kills me!"

Havergal then rising hastily, rushed to his grip and, seizing a revolver, cried out:

"Then I'll end it all here and now—I'll not live under this exposure!"

Mrs. Havergal, arising in fright, seized his arm and struggled with him, crying out:

"Charles! Oh, Charles! My son! My son!"

And he, still struggling with his mother, replied:

"Mother, listen! I'm not worthy to live—I cannot face father and the world under this—I'll die the coward's death!"

But she, still struggling and under mortal terror for her boy, pleadingly cried out:

"Charles! Charles! Yes, anything but that! Yes, I'll sin with you—hiding your crime. Don't shoot—I could not survive that!"

And he, as if slowly relenting, said:

"And you'll not tell father, or anyone?"

Mrs. Havergal: "No, Charles! No! I pledge my honor, Charles! I'll never tell!"

Then turning to his mother he kissed her and said:

"I'll provide for her—but she must go. She was but a worthless jade!"

Mrs. Havergal went out weeping and Charles, re-adjusting his clothing before the glass said, soliloquizing:

"That was a close shave—but I worked the suicide racket all right!"

A few minutes later Dr. Havergal opened the door and cried out:—

"Well Charles, my boy, welcome home! Did not know you had arrived—but thought I heard voices and came down to see who was here."

Charles: "Oh, that was just a little College recitation I was rehearsing. I have seen Mother and she is not feeling well just now. I would not disturb her for a while if I were you."

After a few moments more conversation Dr. Havergal went out and Charles whistled a merry air.

CHAPTER III.

Rose in Trouble Meets a Modern Christ

Rose had prepared herself for immediate departure and was on the point of going forth from the Manse without farewell to anyone, or even asking for her wages due, as she had resolved for the sake of Mrs. Havergal and her daughters to keep the dark secret of Charles' perfidy locked in her own breast, and to bear the guilt and shame of his sin, in requital for the love and kindness she had received, and lest in bringing the guilty to punishment she should crucify the woman who had befriended her.

She sat upon her trunk in her little room that had become dear to her, disconsolate and unutterably lonely, facing an unknown future in which there rose before her vision a very Gethsemane of Sorrow and a thorny path of cross-bearing toward a Calvary she could dimly see in the distance, when a rap upon her door startled her and Mrs. Havergal pale as a spectre, and with eyes swollen with weeping, entered. She came up to Rose, took her in her motherly arms, and kissing her tenderly on both cheeks said:

"My child, I know all. I heard all you and Charles said. My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death. Gladly would I lay down this life of mine to right the wrong my boy has done you, if that were possible, and I could do my duty to my husband and children. Rose, dear girl, you have taught me more within the last hour, of Christ and true religion than I ever knew before. I feel like kneeling at your feet and begging forgiveness for my boy. You have been sinned against, Oh! so cruelly, and you have risen up to Christhood so

nobly this hour in assuming the guilt and shame of my boy—all because you love me and my children. Oh, my child, how vain are words to express the grateful emotions of my heart. You are becoming a saviour to me, my children, my home and my church. A mother's love and a mother's blessing will go with you. I heard your promise to Charles, my wretched son. I blush in your presence for his guilt. I heard you say that for my sake you would be silent. And I—guilty sinner that I am—have likewise pledged silence on the great crime committed—not out of heroic love like yours, but from fear and shame. My guilty lips dare not speak. God forgive me. Will you forgive me?"

And Mrs. Havergal fell into a fit of passionate weeping and Rose tenderly administered to her, wiping the tears from her face and supporting her in her arms, and after she had become calm again Rose said to her soothingly:

"My dear friend, do not grieve over me, for I can bear the burden laid upon me because I love you and your sweet daughters, and love, you know, makes all burdens light and all duties joyous. Love suffereth long and is kind, beareth all things, never faileth. It has the strength of God in it, for God is love, and it can wait and trust. I gave my word to Charles, I give my pledge to you. My lips are sealed, and no matter what happens, for your sake I shall be silent as the grave. Somehow I feel that though sorrow and suffering are before me that light will yet fall upon my pathway."

Mrs. Havergal again tenderly embraced Rose, and after a moment of silence said, "God be merciful to me and forgive me and may He be gracious to you and lead you out of all trouble and sorrow. Every day, morning and night, I shall ask that good angels may lead and comfort you."

She then paid Rose the amount due her and tried to press upon her a few additional bills which Rose

gently but firmly declined. She then directed Rose to the home of a poor widow living in a distant part of the city as a refuge. An hour later as the shadows were falling from the mountains over San Gabriel valley Rose with her little bundle upon her arm stole quietly out of the Manse and down the lane, while darker shadows were gathering over her life.

When the facts concerning Rose Cameron had been duly canvassed in the home of Dr. Havergal and among intimate friends of the family, it seemed the unanimous opinion that Rose must be dismissed from service in the house. But another question arose more difficult of solution and it was this: What steps should be taken to clear the family honor and the good name of the church from scandal in the event of the facts becoming known and bruited abroad, as it seemed most probable they would, and this excited quite a diversity of opinion and led to very spirited discussion.

Mrs. Havergal was unalterably opposed to any publicity and had good reason for opposing anything in the way of church discipline or any action that would increase the pain and suffering already heaped upon the innocent girl. After the awful disclosure of her son's crime against innocence she firmly resolved at all hazards to shield the girl from unmerited censure from the church and the family. She had, however, been taught the doctrine of woman's subjection to the superior judgment and authority of the husband and accustomed by the habits of years to yield to Dr. Havergal's views on all matters pertaining to the church and religion. This made it extremely difficult for her to screen the unfortunate victim of her son from further unmerited suffering, as her conscience now dictated.

Dr. Havergal was a man of a strict sense of justice, by no means devoid of a kindly human sympathy, but with an enlarged view of the sacredness of everything pertaining to the Church and his responsibility as

pastor for keeping her name and reputation unblemished before the world. From the habit of a lifetime of church service he had come to consider that individual welfare and happiness weighed little in the scale against church sanctity and reputation. Much, therefore, as he desired to favor the views of Mrs. Havergal and yield to Mercy's plea in dealing with Rose, he had to consider the honor of the church, the opinions of his elders, and the verdict of the religious public generally. Unfortunately, too, the report of Rose's condition had become public and the judgment of the religious world he knew was especially stern and severe upon women offending against the moral code. He had to consider, too, the spirit of rivalry existing between the churches and how eagerly some of the other denominations might use, not only the actual facts in the case, but also the enlarged and grossly exaggerated stories that always obtain credence with the scandal-loving public.

In addition to these considerations there were many circumstances that seemed to aggravate Rose's offence not only before coming into his home and church, but since her coming, and these seemed to him to be especially directed against himself and his family. Rose, a stranger, had been most kindly received and generously treated by his family. She had, in fact, almost become a member of his family and in a few months had been received into church fellowship. And in return for all this she had—it so appeared to him—basely deceived them. And when questioned kindly by Mrs. Havergal had given in some cases evasive and unwilling replies. In fact, in some of her answers she had flatly contradicted herself, asserting at one time positively that she was a married woman, and at other times refusing to answer, or expressing doubt, and altogether relating a seemingly improbable and untruthful story. Moreover, when questioned by the godly ladies of the church she had become exasperated and asserted herself a married woman and again had prac-

tically denied this and given utterly unbecoming and insulting replies to the elect women sent to interview her.

Impressed by these views himself, he was strengthened in them by the opinions of several of his elders, particularly John Stone, the attorney, and Elias Snyder, leading men in his Church who, he found, were particularly interested in the Rose Cameron case, and seemed especially anxious to preserve the purity of the church membership and to keep the temple of God free from reproach.

Another little circumstance entered into the case, small in itself, yet of sufficient weight to turn the almost evenly balanced scale of his own judgment. Another church of rival organization had been compelled to deal with a somewhat similar case during the past year and had dealt out the summary penalty of expulsion to a member guilty of a similar offence—that of bringing into the world a child without the sanction of a marriage certificate and the approval of those who are self-constituted guardians of the public morality.

Dr. Havergal weighed all these arguments pro and con, in the quiet of his own study, and after much prayer and heart searching, resolved that his duty to the church and the world would not allow Rose Cameron to be quietly dismissed from his home and church, but required that she be publicly tried and dealt with according to church discipline, as a vindication of the church honor and a warning to all offenders against the marriage code.

Two weeks had passed since her departure from the Manse and Rose found her scanty store of money rapidly dwindling and no source of income available. In addition, from sundry hints given by her hostess, it was evident that some adverse influence was secretly at work poisoning the mind of the widow against her. Rose was given plainly to understand that her pres-

ence would only be tolerated as long as her bills were promptly paid.

From her mother who passed away in her early girlhood Rose had inherited a deeply religious nature and a trust in an overruling Providence and angelic guardianship over mortal lives. She had somewhere imbibed the idea that prayer was not only permissible to a Supreme Being but also that it was quite appropriate to invoke the aid of our departed friends in time of trouble. Accordingly taking her sewing with her she had wandered one morning into a little grove on the hillside, not far distant from her temporary home, which was on one of the foothills of a mountain range, and seating herself on a projecting cliff of a rock over a musical little waterfall, had folded her hands and engaged in silent earnest prayer for divine and angelic help. She finished her petition and was sitting in a calm and trustful frame of mind when suddenly from a higher cliff almost directly above the one on which she was resting and farther up the mountain side she heard a sonorous and deeply musical voice break the solemn silence of the glen, singing these words:

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His wise designs
And works His sovereign will.”

Rose sat silent and thoughtful upon the words she had heard from the unknown singer and somehow they seemed so peculiarly fitted to inspire hope that she could hardly resist the impression that they were an answer or a prelude to an answer to her prayers. With the hearing of these words and especially as she meditated on them when the voice died away, there sprang up a

strong hope within her heart that deliverance was at hand. The words had a message for her in her present desperate condition and she drank them in eagerly as the desert traveler quaffs the cool waters of an oasis, for she was in sad need of human aid and sympathy.

The moments passed quickly as the cherished thought of possible deliverance that had impressed itself on her soul, and just as suddenly as the mood had come upon her it departed and an awful sense of her loneliness and helplessness came over her and she gave way to a fit of passionate weeping. So violent was the paroxysm of sorrow and anguish that she had not heard the approaching footsteps of the singer as he slowly clambered down the mountain side until he stood before her, and his deep musical voice startled her with the enquiry:

"In trouble, child?"

Then she turned and looked upon the face of a stalwart man clad in coarse raiment, coatless and hatless, his feet shod in moccasins, his head surrounded with a cloud of snow white hair held in place about the temples with a wreath of green leaves interspersed with red berries of the mountain ash, his whole person glorified for the moment with a shaft of sunlight stealing through a ravine between the mountain peaks and an opening in the leafy covert.

"In trouble, child?" he asked again before the startled Rose could reply.

"Yes, stranger, I am in deep distress. Led into a mock marriage, deserted by my betrayer, cast out of the only home I knew by my aunt, homeless and penniless—God knows I am in deep trouble!"

"Take heart, child, for I am sent to be your saviour. I knew my impression was correct. I have been led here to help you."

"But," replied Rose, "you look a poor man yourself. And why should you help a stranger?"

He smiled quietly upon her as he answered: "Have

you not read: 'As poor yet making many rich'? It is my mission to help people."

And she, full of wonder at his kindly words and still more gracious manner and spirit which seemed to radiate kindness and sympathy upon her, asked:

"But who are you? How came you here just when I had reached the last dime in my purse, just when my heart was breaking?"

Then the Stranger, standing in quiet dignity before her in the sunlight, responded:

"I am a Modern Christ. I live and work for human uplift. I teach, preach, inspire, heal the sick, comfort the sorrowing, utter prophecies and walk in the footsteps of all the Saviours gone before me, especially in the footsteps and teachings of my elder brother Jesus, the Nazarene. And like all other Christs I am despised and rejected by the multitude and known and loved by the few."

"But how can you help me?" she asked looking in some doubt upon his simple garb as a token of poverty.

"In every way, dear child. I am sent to help you to food and shelter, friends, and especially to be your teacher. I have great wealth of wisdom given me from above. I will teach you my great lessons that will enrich you for both worlds. I will be your defender. You shall become rich, rich beyond compare in spiritual knowledge, and strong and beautiful in character, in Poise and Power, and Spiritual Beauty. Be happy, child, and rejoice that all your troubles have led you to me. It were worth going through a thousand hells of suffering such as you have had, to get the truths that I shall give you. I prophecy still more trouble, and still darker days ahead of you, but I see the light shining beyond for you and out of them you shall come forth perfected through suffering, happy and victorious."

Amazed, and in doubt, over his seeming boastful words, whether she had met a true and safe counsellor

or a demented egotist, Rose looked in questioning wonder upon him for a moment, and then unaccountably moved by some influence which she could neither explain or control, she rose, and kneeling before him kissed his hand in seeming reverence and said:

"I accept you as my Teacher, Guide and Friend. I know you have been sent to me. Thank God my prayer has been heard."

He took her hand and lifting her up said quietly: "Child, be of good cheer from this hour. The clouds have parted only for a time and will gather deeper and darker o'er your pathway. I see furious storms of persecution—even bloodshed and tragedy—before us. But your life will be spared, your character will be publicly vindicated at the last, at the last. Come, child, let us go."

As they journeyed back to the city together he placed a few bills in her hand and directed her to a hospital, telling her he would see her no more for several weeks but would stand by her in her coming days of trial and persecution and furnish her a refuge from the storm when it broke in fury on her head.

At her request, as they journeyed, he told her in brief the story of his life. A sailor lad before the mast, a soldier in the army, a successful merchant, and then in middle-life of the spiritual change that had come over him, which he called his Resurrection, and sometimes he called it the finding of himself, or the rolling away of the stone of self that Christ within him might arise. He bared the sufferings of his heart to Rose, the death of his first wife, an angel in the flesh, and reverence and devotion to whose memory formed an essential part of his religion. And then he told of his unfortunate second marriage and the persecutions of his present wife and a band of conspirators who were seeking in every way to defame his character and secure the balance of his estate. He told in words and voice vibrant with soul-agony of the betrayal of his

daughter and her descent into a life of shame, and of his vain search for her during many years through all the haunts of vice in Chicago and other cities, and how in despair of finding and rescuing her he had given many years of unremitting service to Rescue Work among the fallen, meeting with both cheering success and heart-breaking failure. He went on to relate how his present wife, rescued by him, had related to him such a story of betrayal as placed the whole responsibility of her wrong-doing upon another, and by her seeming sincerity and penitence had won his heart and his hand, and, already secured a major part of his property and was now conspiring with the help of an attorney and another unprincipled man—both entrenched in the membership and good will of a popular church of the city—to rob him of the remnant of his once large estate. He told her how his Rescue Work had been used by the wife and her partners in the conspiracy to defame his character and thus force him to deed over to her his last remaining farm.

"So you see, my child," he said, "I have had what the world calls troubles and persecutions and even now my life is sought by reckless men, yet how lightly these things rest upon me, judge for yourself. I am happier in the loss of these worldly goods, in poverty and in persecutions, than most men are in wealth and prosperity, because I am rich in knowledge of the truth, and those broad clear views of life which enable me to see all things working together for good. Like St. Paul I can say I have been in "stripes" in "imprisonment" in "tumults" in "watchings" and "fastings" and have wrought my life-work by "pureness," by "knowledge," by "long-suffering," by "kindness," by the "word of truth," by "the power of God," by the "armor of righteousness," by "honor and dishonor," and been through "evil report" and "good report," as "deceivers yet true," as "unknown yet well known," as "sorrowful yet always rejoicing," as "poor yet mak-

ing many rich," as "having nothing" and "yet possessing all things."

"Oh, my child, knowest thou not that with the truth you have all things, power, freedom, comfort, victory, joy? I am happier far in knowing and teaching the truth than are the kings of the earth. The Captains of industry, heroes of the world's worship, the leaders and rulers among men, the millionaires and the aristocrats of earth may well envy me, my child. Pardon what seems to you boasting. Farewell!"

And Rose with new courage in her heart and new money in her purse went back to her lodgings and thence to the hospital where in a few weeks she gave birth to a son.

CHAPTER IV.

The Church Trial

On the third of September, nineteen hundred and seven, there were gathered in the Audience Hall of the School Room of Dr. Havergal's Church a large assembly, members and friends of the Church, and a motley crowd to witness the trial of the case against Rose Cameron a church member and a former domestic in the pastor's home, accused of immorality and conduct unbecoming in a professed Christian.

Intense interest was taken in the proceedings, for the case had become quite notorious and the very effort of the pastor and elders to stifle publicity and discussion seemed to have had the opposite effect. In addition to this there were certain interested parties, as appeared later at the murder trial, which, in a sense was a sequel of the Church trial, who appeared to have reasons for exciting as much as possible the public mind against the girl, and particularly against the one and only man who openly espoused her cause.

Most of the attendants, as was natural, were either members or friends of the Church, and these naturally sided with the pastor and his family, believing that the confidence and kindness of the Havergal family had been ruthlessly betrayed by the girl. These were, therefore, prejudiced in favor of a verdict of guilty, and desired it as a vindication of the high sense of justice and strict adherence to morality which the Church is supposed to represent.. Many came out of idle curiosity and a love of the sensational. Others, not a few, came in from other churches to scrutinize the church action and see if some grounds of public

condemnation of this large and rival church would not be disclosed in the action or lack of action of the church authorities.

The Pastor and the Judicatory of the Church were in a preliminary private session in the minister's study while the crowd were gradually filling all the available capacity of the audience room. When the town clock struck the hour of ten, led by Dr. Richard Havergal, the members of the court filed solemnly into the room and took their seats upon the dais, the Moderator in the front and center and the seven other members in a semi-circle behind him.

At the right hand side and near the dais sat Rose Cameron, comely in feature, neat in dress and attractive in manner and expression, the cynosure of all eyes in the court room. Near Rose, and yet on a separate seat, but close enough for private consultation, sat our stalwart friend, Rose's benefactor and teacher, Paul Whitman, in much the same garb as we saw him before upon the mountain side, a man of noble countenance, serene and cheerful, his manly form, despite his simple garb, giving forth suggestions of power, peace and dignity. Occasionally he gave a look of pitying interest to Rose, but there was no communication save that of silent thought.

On the opposite side sat a group of leading ladies of the Church and a company of witnesses. There was outwardly apparent order and decorum, but everyone sensitive to thought forces and emotional excitement could feel the very air vibrant with intense interest and the most powerful, yet conflicting sentiment. There was a sense of something in the air, of suppressed power that might any moment find an explosion that would shake the quiet audience into a cyclone of excitement and activity.

After a fervent prayer, Dr. Havergal as Moderator arose and said:

"It is our painful duty to bring before the Court

for trial a member of my own flock, accused of grossest immorality and such conduct as should exclude her from the kingdom of grace and glory hereafter, and from communion with the Christian Church. Is the accused member, Rose Cameron, present?

The Clerk: "She is present, Mr. Moderator."

The Moderator (to Rose): "Do you appear for yourself or have you a counsel?"

Rose, arising and bowing to the Court:

"I have chosen Mr. Paul Whitman as my counsel."
(Sensation.)

Paul Whitman: "I appear for the accused."

Dr. Truesdale, counsel for the presentation: "I object, Mr. Moderator, he is not a member of the Church and not qualified to act as counsel."

Mr. John Stone, attorney and member of the court: "I object. It is clearly unlawful."

The Moderator: "State the grounds of your objection."

Dr. Truesdale: "According to canon law only a minister or elder or member of the church is qualified to act as counsel in a church trial. Mr. Whitman is clearly unqualified."

John Stone: "It is unbecoming the dignity of this court and the solemnity of this occasion to allow a shameless vagabond, a disseminator of rank heresy, a man accused of vicious conduct and condemned by public opinion as an immoral and godless man, an associate for years of fallen women and degraded characters, a man who has squandered his wife's fortune and left her alone and unprotected in the world, to appear as counsel in this Court. I object in the name of the public, in behalf of decency and order, as well as in point of law."
(Sensation. Many signs of approval from members of the court and the audience.)

Paul Whitman, arising: "I am not on trial and so make no reply to these accusations. The accused

does not feel able to defend herself. I would have the Moderator rule on this point."

The Moderator: "There is a canon law limiting the right of the accused to right of counsel, but inasmuch as the accused does not wish to plead, and as the Moderator has a discretionary power as to whom he shall hear in a church trial, I will grant Mr. Whitman the privilege of speaking after the evidence is all in, and before the Judiciary retires to deliberate on its verdict."

Many and strange murmurs of dissent were heard throughout the court room. John Stone on the dais and Elias Snyder and young Havergal in the audience seemed particularly vehement in their protest.

Many exclamations *sotto voce* could be caught by listening ears in various parts of the hall and some of them undoubtedly reached the ears of the Moderator.

"'Tis a dour day for the Church!" "Oh, the shame of it!" "It is enough to make the angels weep!" were some of the exclamations heard.

Dr. Truesdale: "I plead, Mr. Moderator, for the purity of the Church. It is our business to keep the temple of God clean. Whosoever defiles it or allows it to be defiled, him will God destroy." (Many murmurs of assent—much talking and confusion followed.)

The Moderator: "Silence! If better order is not observed we shall sit with closed doors. It shall never be said in charge against this church that a defenseless girl shall be tried before this Judiciary without a word uttered in her behalf. I have discretionary power and shall use it. Mr. Whitman may speak as I have ruled."

The Moderator then called for a record in the Case of Rose Cameron and the Clerk read as follows:

"On the twentieth day of July, Nineteen Hundred and Seven, at the session of the St. Andrews Church, there appeared a delegation from the Ladies' League and the Elect Women of the Church, consisting of Mrs. Grace Havergal, Mrs. Ada Varcoe, Mrs. Jane Fuller,

Mrs. Ryder Brown, Mrs. Susan Snyder, Mrs. Zetta Tottenham, who called the attention of the Session to the fact that Rose Cameron, a member of the Church in full standing, and an unmarried woman, was about to become a mother, and that steps should immediately be taken to safeguard the reputation of the Church, either by exacting a confession from the accused and eliminating her from our midst or by church trial and discipline. The said delegation of Elect Women also reported that the said Rose Cameron, on being questioned by them, did not deny the allegations made, and that in pursuance of their duty as Christian women in further questioning her, the said Rose Cameron also admitted the fact that she was an unmarried woman, though to Mrs. Havergal she had previously asserted that she was a married woman, and that on being further questioned and admonished by these godly women she exhibited a most unjustifiable and contumacious spirit, refusing utterly to answer pertinent questions put to her by her superiors, and even asserting that the information sought was none of the business of the elect women who questioned her. Whereupon it was duly moved, seconded and carried by the session that formal charges should be preferred against the said Rose Cameron which formal charges were filed with the session and delivered to the accused on the twenty-fifth day of July, Nineteen Hundred Seven, by Dr. John Truesdale, duly appointed as Church prosecutor by the session and instructed to prosecute these charges before the Judicatory."

CHARLES HAZELDINE,
Clerk of the Session.

The formal charge was then read:

"I charge Rose Cameron, a member of St. Andrews Church, with immorality in that she is about to become a mother outside of holy wedlock as proven by competent witnesses and by her own confession, and I ask for a speedy trial of the said offense and her

expulsion from church fellowship and the holy sacraments.” .. JOHN TRUESDALE,

In behalf of the Session of St. Andrews Church.

Dr. Truesdale: “Mr. Moderator and gentlemen of the Judicatory, I propose to prove beyond all question the truth of this charge and I doubt not the verdict will be a unanimous one and the sentence one that will vindicate the honor and purity of St. Andrews Church. All question of the truth of the charge is rendered entirely useless by the facts that are publicly known and proof of which will be shortly presented to the court, that the accused has given birth to an illegitimate child in a hospital of this city. What I would have you note, gentlemen, is the fact that the offense charged and which was admitted by the accused is very seriously aggravated by the base deception practised, first upon our minister’s family. You can, perhaps, imagine better than I can describe how the outraged feelings of a godly family have been lacerated by the intrusion into their midst, into the innocence and purity of the fireside circle, of one guilty of so dreadful an offense against human and divine law as Rose Cameron has committed. Added to this we have the repeated falsehoods uttered by the accused to Mrs. Havergal and the Elect Women, which she is unable to deny. And to all this add her obstinate refusal to answer the very proper questions proposed, and her insulting remarks to the godly women who questioned her. I call as witness, Mrs. Ada Varcoe.”

Mrs. Varcoe takes the witness stand.

Dr. Truesdale: “Did you and other women of the Church have an interview with Rose Cameron on or about July first of this year?”

Mrs. Varcoe: “We did.”

Dr. Truesdale: Did Miss Cameron admit to you at that time her condition?”

Mrs. Varcoe: “She did.”

Dr. Truesdale: “Did you question her at that

time as to her past life and with what results?"

Mrs. Varcoe: "We did question her, but she told us little or nothing except that she was married to a Prof. Squires of the Boston University. When we questioned her particularly about this Prof. Squires, she grew sullen and obstinate, and refused to answer further questions.

Dr. Truesdale: "You positively affirm she told you she had been married to a Professor Squires, of the Boston University?"

Mrs. Varcoe: "I do. All the others present heard the same statement made by her."

Dr. Truesdale: "Have you anything further to say about her manner and spirit during the interview?"

Mrs. Varcoe: "She answered the first questions readily enough, but when we wanted the details, she grew obstinate and denied our right to question her. She said it was a matter with her own conscience and her God and none of our business."

Dr. Truesdale: "Do you remember any further insolent remarks of the accused?"

Mrs. Varcoe: "Yes, she said to me when I asked her for her marriage certificate that I might better be at home, keeping my children off the street, than prying into her private life."

Dr. Truesdale then called Mrs. Jane Fuller, Mrs. Susan Snyder and Mrs. Zetta Tottenham to the stand, who confirmed with some slight variations the main points of Mrs. Varcoe's testimony.

Next he produced a Calendar of the Boston University for the past year and offered it in evidence that there was no Professor Squires recognized in the faculty of that institution, and the Court accepted it and ordered it filed as Exhibit A. Dr. Truesdale then called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Schess, President of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, who deposed that in private conversation with Rose Cameron in the Sewing Room at the Manse, where she found Miss Cameron in tears,

the girl confessed to her that she was not a married woman. This occurred about July fifteenth.

Dr. Truesdale: "The same statement was made to Mrs. Grace Havergal at about the same time. I make this statement in the presence of the beloved wife of our Moderator, Dr. Havergal, but I refuse to submit Mrs. Havergal to the ordeal of public testimony, inasmuch as her well-known weakness of heart might make such an experience dangerous. I do this the more particularly because she has not yet fully recovered from the painful shock of surprise to her sensitive nature in finding one to whom she had extended such kindness utterly unworthy of her confidence and guilty of most abominable falsehood."

Here there was a commotion in the circle in which the pastor's wife sat and some restoratives were administered to Mrs. Havergal whose strength seemed suddenly to have failed her.

Mrs. Varcoe, Mrs. Snyder, Mrs. Tottenham and Mrs. Fuller were then recalled and questioned by the Moderator, and by members of the Judicatory as to Rose Cameron's marriage certificate, and it was clearly proven that she professed to have had one, but had never exhibited it to the witnesses and on being further questioned as to its whereabouts had asserted in one instance that it had been lost or stolen ("Oh—Oh—Ah!" from some one in the audience) and in other instances had told incredible stories of an attorney who borrowed it and never returned it, and on still another occasion had grown very impertinent and angry and told the ladies to attend to their own business ("Oh! the saucy minx!" cried some one in the audience, while the Moderator rapped loudly for order.)

The Moderator: "Did she at any time express any penitence, or show any great appreciation of the godly counsel of her superiors?"

And the witnesses in turn protested that she had never shown penitence for her wrong-doing or received

with gratitude the efforts of the Church Committees.

The Moderator: "Did any of you seek to obtain a confession of her guilt and wrong-doing from her that she might obtain divine forgiveness and leniency from the Church of God?"

Mrs. Tottenham: "I repeatedly asked her to confess and even drew up a confession of her sin for her to sign and handed it to her, and she read it and then tore it up and threw the fragments in my face. And she said if she had to make confession of her sins she would confess to her Maker and not to a company of busybodies."

Dr. Truesdale then presented a copy of certificate from Dr. Thomas Brown, an attending physician of a city hospital, as to the birth of a son to Rose Cameron on August first of the present year. It was accepted by the Court in evidence and placed on file as Exhibit B.

Various questionings of the witnesses then took place by members of the Judicatory which elicited nothing new of very special value or importance in addition to the former testimonies.

The Prosecutor, Dr. Truesdale, then announced that no more witnesses would be called and proceeded to sum up the points which he claimed had been established beyond all reasonable doubt by the concurrent testimony of the witnesses and the confession of the accused. He dealt with great particularity and with some bitterness on the deception practised on the Minister's family, on the falsehoods proven as he claimed against the accused, and characterized the whole story of her marriage as a silly concoction, a pure fabrication on Miss Cameron's part to exonerate herself. Lastly he commented severely on her impertinence.

The Moderator: "Does the accused party, Rose Cameron, desire any witness called for the defense?"

Rose Cameron, rising and bowing to the Court, said: "No, Mr. Moderator."

The Moderator: "It is my duty to inform the accused that she is not compelled to testify before the Court. It is her privilege, however, to do so if she so desires. She can testify in rebuttal of any testimony already given, or present any new matter pertinent to the charges made. Does Miss Cameron wish to testify?"

"I will testify Mr. Moderator." (Sensation among the members of the Court and in the audience.)

The Moderator: "I feel it incumbent upon me to inform the accused that if she chooses to testify before the Court, she thus subjects herself to questioning by the Court. Does Miss Cameron still wish to testify?"

Rose Cameron: "I still wish to testify."

Miss Cameron then took her place on the witness stand and in passing close to Paul Whitman he was heard to say: "Courage, child, courage."

The Moderator: Do you desire to deny any of the allegations made by these witnesses?"

Rose Cameron: "I deny nothing, Mr. Moderator."

The Moderator: (sharply) "Then you confess to the truth of the charges made against you—you are guilty of immorality, falsehood, deception?"

Rose Cameron: "I confess nothing, Mr. Moderator."

The Moderator: "Most strange! Most strange! You deny nothing and you confess nothing. Will you explain?"

Rose Cameron: "The statements attributed to me by the witnesses as I remember them are substantially true. Though they may appear inconsistent, they were honestly made. I am innocent of any wrongdoing." ("Oh—Oh—Ah!" from some one in the audience. "Hear that—will you?" from another.)

The Moderator: "Are you a married or a single woman? Answer as before your Maker. Tell us the truth."

Rose Cameron: "I was married and had a certificate of marriage. But I now know my marriage was a

mock marriage and my certificate was taken from me."

The Moderator: "You believed yourself honorably married for a time—and then were led to doubt whether you were legally married or not. Is that true?"

Rose Cameron: "All that is true."

The Moderator: "Did you not say a moment ago that you now know your marriage was a mock marriage?"

Rose Cameron: "I did say so, Mr. Moderator, and I repeat it. I now know that my marriage was a mock marriage."

The Moderator: "Did you not tell one of the ladies that you were married to a Professor Reginald Squires, a teacher in the Boston University? There is no such teacher there."

Rose Cameron: "I did make the assertion as I honestly believed it for a time but I now know that the man I married was not a Professor Reginald Squires."

The Moderator: "When did you learn all this?"

Rose Cameron: (hesitatingly) "I only learned it lately."

The Moderator: "Did you learn it by correspondence—or how did you find it out?"

There was a long and tense silence. Rose did not answer. A painful suspense seemed to be felt by everyone. The sympathy of the audience up to this point had turned very much in Rose's favor. Her beauty, her frank sincerity and her unaffected manner, up to this point, were telling in her favor. Now she seemed to be losing her way to the hearts of the people, and the average auditor was beginning to wonder: What is she hiding and why? Is not her whole story a fiction?

The Moderator: "Do you refuse to answer that question?"

Rose Cameron: "I do."

The Moderator: "Do you think the man you mar-

ried as Professor Squires married you under an assumed name?"

Rose Cameron: "I now know that he did."

The Moderator: "You must tell the Court how and where you learned that."

Rose Cameron: "I cannot tell the Court."

The Moderator: "I do not understand your answer. Why can you not tell the Court if your former statements are true? Why can you not tell?"

Rose appeared to be in sore distress. She turned her gaze from the Moderator and looked upon Paul Whitman as though to gather strength. Then for a moment she seemed greatly agitated and looking down over the audience she caught a view of the pale face of Mrs. Havergal, and turning to the Court she said: "I cannot tell because love forbids." And she burst into a flood of passionate weeping.

The Court and audience were wrought up by this incident to intense excitement and there was much nodding of heads and whispered conversation and evidently great divergence of opinions. Mrs. Havergal sat still as a statue with her hand pressed against her heart and a pallor like death upon her face. Young Havergal at some distance from her and in a company congenial to himself seemed very nervous and distraught, moving uneasily from one position to another, but listening with intense interest to every word uttered.

A lady stepped forward with a glass of water for Rose in her extended hand and a bottle of smelling salts and after a few moments' respite Rose resumed her testimony.

The Moderator: "Have you seen or had communication with the man who married you since the marriage?"

Rose Cameron: "I have."

The Moderator: "You know now the true name of the man you married?"

Rose Cameron: "I do."

The Moderator: "Then give the Court his name and address that we may prove or disprove the truth of your assertions."

Rose made no reply.

The Moderator: "You say you were deceived into a mock marriage by a man calling himself Professor Reginald Squires—and that you know that was not his true name—and that you now know his true name. You must tell it if you wish your story to be credited. Give us the name."

Rose Caemron: "I cannot, Mr. Moderator."

The Moderator: "What nonsense you utter! You know his name and cannot give it. Once more: Will you or will you not give us the name of the man who betrayed you?"

"I will not, Mr. Moderator."

Here arose simultaneously two interruptions: Charles Algernon Havergal arose hastily and left the room and Mrs. Havergal, pale as a spectre arose from her seat, with hand pressed against her side, looked in a frightened way about the room, as if searching for someone or desiring to speak, and swaying for a moment, fell in a faint to the floor.

After order had been restored and Mrs. Havergal carried from the room the Moderator again assumed the chair and the session continued.

The Moderator: "I adjure you, Rose Cameron, in the name of truth and the presence of your Maker to reveal to this Court the name of your betrayer—the man you say married you as Professor Squires."

Rose Cameron: "And I refuse to do so."

The Moderator: "Then the consequences of your own stubbornness be upon your own head."

He then announced that Paul Whitman had permission to speak in behalf of the accused, and the announcement was the signal for an outburst of dissent. There were loud cries of "Shame!" "Outrage!" "It is a disgrace to the Church!" in various parts of the

room. It would seem that Rose's unaccountable refusal to gratify the curiosity of the listeners with the name coupled with the announcement of Whitman's name had put the audience in an angry mood.

Paul Whitman arose and calmly proceeded to the front of the dais amidst a renewed storm of dissent.

Paul Whitman: "Mr. Moderator, Gentlemen of the Judicatory, and Friends: I speak in behalf of an orphan girl who has found this earthly pilgrimage a rough and thorny one. I speak in behalf of her arisen parents who are witnesses of this prosecution. (Sensation.)

"The man is daft!" one was heard to say. "'Tis rank heresy!" cried another, and the Moderator rapped for order.

"And I speak, therefore, with a sense of great responsibility to the quick and the dead, as I plead for this wronged and persecuted woman, for her child, you call illegitimate. There are those who question if such a thing could be. Is not any and every child conceived and born of love and trust legitimate with Nature and with God? Certain laws and formulas are necessary to public morality, but back of them stand Nature's ordinations and certainly it is only against human and not against divine law this girl has sinned—even if we admit no marriage took place. She asserts she was married or deceived into a belief she was married, and she is, unfortunately, unable to prove that such a marriage took place. Is there not at least a possibility that she is telling you God's truth in that assertion? If so you are bound to acquit her, as you cannot hold her responsible for the deception and fraud of another. Have you had—or can you produce evidence to prove she never married? Dare you disgrace and ostracise an orphan girl, putting the burden of sorrow and shame upon her life on an uncertainty?

"You say she told falsehoods in that at different times she made contradictory statements. Was she

not justified if a ceremony took place, whether legal or illegal, she believing it to be legal, in saying she was married? Was she not justified later if she had learned meantime to doubt the legality of her marriage, in denying her marriage? What is there impossible or even improbable in this girl's story?

"You accuse her of insolence and obstinacy because she refused to answer impertinent questions—because, forsooth, your Committee of self-appointed inquisitors of public morality claimed as their right to compel a woman to bare the sacred secrets of her heart and life to gratify their prurient curiosity. And she did right."

Here an uproar occurred and for a time the voice of the speaker could not be heard. Some members of the Court left the dais and were seen in consultation with people in the audience. Little groups of angry men with scowling faces and threatening attitude moved up menacingly toward Whitman. Women in the audience seemed divided in sentiment, some of them plainly approving and others as plainly resenting Whitman's statement. The noise continued for a time despite the effort of the Moderator. After order had been with some difficulty restored and Whitman warned against any further attacks on the Church authorities, he proceeded.

"You are fond of speaking about keeping the temple of God pure, and that is well. Do you confound the temple of God with St. Andrews Church? Do you arrogate that high title to one of nearly two hundred rival bodies, teaching different creeds, with differing codes of morality, all assuming the same claim? Is a human organization composed of erring mortals and swayed by human passions and blinded by human prejudices, the temple of God? Nay, verily. How truly did my Brother Saviour, the lowly Nazarene, picture your condition when he spoke of the Pharisees of his day who made clean the outside of the cup and the plat-

ter and left the inside unclean! Truly you have great zeal for the honor of the church—so had the Pharisees of old. So had the murderers of Jesus, so had the inquisitors of the bloody persecutions. But what about the temple and the kingdom of God within? Is there not within you—you who thus blasphemously claim your church as God's temple and assume to speak and act in behalf of God and the all-merciful Jesus—is there not great lack of spiritual knowledge, much sectarian pride and prejudice, harsh and uncharitable thought, and (though you know it not) much of the spirit of the persecutors? Is not the modern church, as was the church at the times of Jesus, cursed with hypocrites in the pulpit and in pew? Are not Whittier's burning words of condemnation against the ministers in the pulpit who used their position and quoted Scripture to defend the 'sum of all villainies,' Slavery, applicable now to many churches, possibly to this church, and to all who forget the claims of Justice and Mercy and seek to exalt their church and themselves in authority over the poor and the oppressed:—

 'Paid hypocrites, who turn judgment aside and
 rob the Holy Book,
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
 in warning and rebuke.
How long, O Lord, how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And in thy name, for robbery and wrong,
At thine own altars pray?"

Here several members of the Court arose and violently protested to the Moderator against allowing Mr. Whitman to proceed.

Mr. John Stone gained the Moderator's recognition amidst the hubbub—Paul Whitman, with folded arms waiting calmly—and said:

“Mr. Moderator, are we compelled longer to listen

to this vile outrage against all decency? By courtesy, not by right, this man was granted the privilege of addressing this Solemn Court. How has he used the favor given him? He has become the accuser of the Court. He has insulted the Elect Women of our Church. He has likened us to bloody persecutors. And who is he? In place of speaker he should be upon the witness stand.. Probably he could tell us of the mock marriage and the name of the father of this girl's illegitimate child! I protest most solemnly against the insults he has offered the Church and this Court and against the rank heresies he has uttered in this presence. This pair of vile imposters should be driven from the church and out of the city."

Murmurs of assent followed the violent outburst of Mr. Stone, but the Moderator, outwardly calm, but as it could be easily discerned, under the stress of great emotion, ruled that Mr. Whitman might continue his address.

Paul Whitman: "I perceive that you are about to condemn an innocent woman and that most of you will find forgiveness as your eyes are blinded with sectarian prejudice and you are smarting under imaginary wrongs and under my plain words of truth. In an hour, I prophesy, you will have brought a verdict of guilty and this Child-Woman will have been expelled as altogether unworthy of membership in St. Andrews Church—and yet there is not a purer or more Christ-like soul in your midst than Rose Cameron. Oh, what blind perversity has impelled the Christian Church through the ages to cut off and cast out its most advanced minds and its noblest souls. All this can be forgiven because ignorance, prejudice, passion and a spirit of retaliation are natural to souls in a certain stage of human unfoldment. But," he continued, "there are in your midst, yea, in the very bosom of your Church, two at least who know the innocence of this woman. If knowing this, they permit the condemna-

tion of this innocent girl—they will commit the sin spoken of in the Scriptures, 'the sin unto death,' and ere a year has passed will have met the judgment of God and have paid the penalty with their lives! I have spoken."

This dramatic ending of his address with a prophecy of the death of two of the company, produced a profound and even painful impression upon all, the more so as Whitman, despite his reputedly evil life, had a standing reputation with the public as a prophet, having delivered several prophecies publicly which were afterward literally fulfilled. Upon two of the audience the effect was most marked, Mrs. Havergal falling into a dead faint was carried from the room and Charles, her son, sat with blanched and distorted countenance, nervously moving about in his seat and attracting the attention of all in his vicinity by his peculiar conduct.

The Court retired and in half an hour returned with the verdict of "Guilty," and a direction to the Moderator to pronounce the sentence of Excommunication upon Rose Cameron.

When the Moderator arose to pronounce sentence upon the accused, the hubbub and whispering of the recess soon subsided and a solemn stillness stole o'er the Court and audience, a tensity of feeling such as is felt by a crowd of people witnessing the execution of a criminal.

He said: "It is my painful duty, following the solemn judgment of my holy brethren of the Judicatory, based on undisputed testimony before the Court, to pronounce Rose Cameron guilty on the charges preferred, and to declare that from this hour she is no longer a member of St. Andrews Church and her name is stricken from the Church rolls. Let us pray that the divine mercy may be extended to her for the grievous wrongs done by her to the Church and her sins against public morality."

The Court was then declared officially closed.

And Rose Cameron, weeping, walked out of the court room on the arms of Walt Whitman, who seemed to be her only friend and protector.

And as they entered the street a crowd of boys and hoodlums jeered them and some one cried out: "There goes the Modern Christ!"

CHAPTER V.

The Riot in the Market Place

Three weeks had passed since the Church trial—weeks of sore anxiety for Rose and deep solicitude for her friend, Paul Whitman. He had assured Rose that no home would open its doors to her in that locality, and that her only refuge was his sylvan retreat on the mountain side. He had lived mostly of late beneath an overhanging cliff under which bubbled a stream of pure cold water, shaded by most beautiful foliage from the summer heat and from the heights of which he was able to catch a glorious view of the sunrise. From another cliff westward about a spur of the mountain he was able to enjoy the marvelous and variegated glory of a California sunset, where the “powerful king of day” dips his blazing body into the sea and glorifies ten thousand islets in the great aerial sea above, where mingling tints of gray and saffron, gold and purple, green and crimson blend in indescribable beauty—a revelation of divine beauty to men and angels.

Here he had constructed a rude but cozy and comfortable dwelling place for himself, near to Nature’s heart and far from the madding crowd, with saplings and branches of the forest kings for shelter, and with the soft boughs of cedar and hemlock and pepper tree for a couch. And so with water from the spring and wild berries from the mountain side, with the birds and the squirrels for his companions, and occasionally some simple and wholesome food from the city marts, Whitman reigned as king over himself and nature, content, healthy, and hopeful and happy.

The sunrise and sunset were ever new and wonderful divine revelations to him and he revelled in their

perennial beauty and the ever-changing aspects of his mountain home, and in his visions the adjacent wonderful valley and snowy mountain peaks on the East, and the great Pacific on the West, and the stars were his companions and teachers each evening. With his song birds and his pet animals and the marvellous San Gabriel Valley checkered with groves of orange, lemon, apricot and flowers, and his shelf of choice books at hand where Socrates, Emerson, Shakespeare, Whitman and Andrew Jackson Davis held friendly companionship with the Revised Version of the Bible, Whitman felt himself a king.

Rose while realizing in some measure the greatness and the nobility of Whitman, hesitated long and seriously before accepting his mountain retreat and thus giving additional cause for slander and gossip to the multitude who were already so prejudiced against them both. Her resources were at an end and she must find shelter for herself and babe and she was perfectly willing to accept any honest employment that she could find but where to look for it was the problem. She had already spent many days in search for work but no place had opened to her for service as a domestic, and she had no testimonials or recommendations as a waitress, and she and Whitman spent many hours in attempts to solve the problem. He while holding the opinion of the public in supreme contempt and greatly desiring to have Rose for a pupil, was quite willing to look at the subject from her womanly standpoint and sympathize with what he regarded as a childish weakness in paying serious attention to the views of the rabble.

It was finally agreed that Rose should wait another week and seek an open door of honorable employment, and that on the coming market day she should attempt to find among the farmers some home where she could render service in payment for bed and board for herself and child. Failing this she declared she would ac-

cept his offer of the mountain side retreat. He had prepared to give up his leafy covert to her and the boy and build for himself another in a neighboring cliff where as friends and neighbors they might commune and study the great truths of nature and of life together.

Whitman was the more earnest in his entreaties as he had a perfect passion for setting forth his peculiar teachings before young and receptive minds. Having found Rose an interested auditor and a heart grateful for his unceasing charities and comforting words, he looked forward with inexpressible pleasure to sharing with Rose the beauties of nature, where with the mountain as a background to the picture, and the star-decked heavens as a covering canopy, and the orange groves spread out as a land picture beneath his feet he might expound to his loving disciple truths—too lofty and sublimely beautiful for the stifling atmosphere of a hall or church. He believed with his great namesake Walt Whitman that all great truths, great deeds and great teachings belong of right to the open road and fields and particularly to the mountain side.

Accordingly it was determined that Rose should attend the market next market day and that Whitman should go also—not in company with her—lest there be more “occasion for the infidels to blaspheme”—but keeping near to protect her should she suffer insult or injury, which, in the heated state of public sentiment, it was agreed, might be among the possibilities of such a visit.

Now it so happened on this day that John Stone, whom we have met in the Church trial and whose office overlooked the street upon which the Market was located, was standing with his friend Elias Snyder at his office window, and saw Rose enter the Market and interview one after another of the dealers there, and shortly after they saw Whitman who seemed an interested spectator and who was evidently watching her

at a distance. They then withdrew to a private office where they were soon joined by Mrs. Whitman who came escorted by young Havergal. They at once entered upon an animated discussion of the recent trial and the attention of Mrs. Whitman and Havergal was drawn to the drama now being enacted in the Market.

Each one of this little band of conspirators had a personal motive for defaming the character and even destroying the lives of the two innocent visitors at the Market place.

John Stone, though a member of the Judicatory that tried Rose and ejected her from the church fellowship, was a worldling and a sensualist and was plotting the destruction of Whitman as a step necessary to Annette Whitman, the adventuress, who as Whitman's second wife had already obtained and spent most of his property, and was now conspiring with her consort Stone for the remainder of his estate.

Annette Whitman, former Variety Actress in Vaudeville, was once known as the "Delight of Paris" and had had a checkered career as Chorus Girl, as a most daring song and dance artist, before she became a member of the demi-monde. In one of his missionary trips in search of his lost daughter, Whitman met her, and she learning that he possessed wealth, resolved to win it from him. To him she posed as a captive white slave girl, anxious for freedom and sincerely penitent for the innocent follies that had led her as a girl into associations where she was forcibly detained. She appealed to him to save her and listened so attentively to his teachings, and by her youth, beauty and charm of person and manner so won his affections that Whitman took her from her surroundings and afterwards married her. Too soon he learned his mistake and made ample reparation by an early agreement with her for a separation, gladly yielding to her the bulk of his property. She and Stone had known each other earlier in life and to him she came and disclosed her

story and her plot to share with him the additional booty of Whitman's one remaining farm if Stone would enable her by fair means or foul to secure it. And so an unholy compact had been made between them and the life of Whitman was at stake.

As to young Havergal, he was actuated by conflicting emotions of fear and hate. Psychologists assert that it is easy to learn to hate those we have injured and certainly it seemed so in the case of Havergal. And it is really wonderful what intensity of malevolence may exist in the human heart against an imaginary grievance as well as against a real injury. Since he first met Rose on his return to the Manse so unexpectedly he had cherished a bitter feeling of hatred for her as though she had consciously intruded into his home to mar and spoil his life. As to his own offense against Rose he looked upon it, when he gave it any consideration whatever, as a bit of boyish folly, a mistake, perhaps, but a mistake so common as to be easily pardonable. It was, moreover, a mistake very common and very easily condoned in what he regarded as the best society. By a strang aberration of thought he had grown to look upon himself as the persecuted individual rather than the persecutor. What diabolic spirit of revenge had brought her to the West anyway? And into his very home? What malevolence prompted her to reveal all the facts to his family? Even now she held the sword of Damocles over his head. What machination of evil powers brought his mother into the room to overhear that pitiable interview between him and Rose? Why had this girl thrown the burden of her own folly on his poor mother? And how much torture had this girl inflicted upon him! He had suffered the agonies of hell in the Court Room that hour she was on the witness stand boldly asserting she knew who was her betrayer and had learned it "of late." Even now she spurned his offer of a money settlement and held him suspended over ruin. Really for his one little

act of folly Rose had exacted a bitter toll of suffering and had become a most malignant enemy. So Havergal was bitter in his spirit against Rose, fearful of what a single day might bring forth, and fully determined that she must leave the community or be dealt some blow to ward off the danger to himself and his family.

And while angry at Rose his fiercer indignation blazed against Whitman. This was an affair between himself and Rose—what business had Whitman to interfere with it? He had never injured Whitman, yet this mountebank prophet and professed Christ had dared publicly to prophecy his own and his mother's death—and had entered the battle on Rose's side. This prophecy of death within a year to the two who had guilty knowledge of Rose's innocence and were silent, had struck deep into Havergal's guilty soul. This man had injured him—this man was his enemy—and—well—let him beware. There is a limit to one's endurance and Whitman, when the occasion arose, should feel the power of his blow. This Vababond Seer had begun the fight. Let him look out for reprisals.

As to Elias Snyder, he was a blind henchman to Stone, equally selfish, sectarian and devoid of principle, ready to employ or join hands with "fellows of the baser sort" wherever his own interests prompted or Stone gave the word of command.

Stone as a member of the Judicatory had violently opposed Whitman's right to speak and had done as much as possible to besmirch his reputation. He had intimated among his coterie of friends and to certain persons whom he knew would give it wide circulation that Whitman was in all probability the betrayer of Rose, and that this was Rose's reason for refusing to "name the man." Now Whitman stood in his path. He could not obtain Annette's hand or the coveted farm until Whitman was in his power—or removed. Let Whitman look out for himself, was his silent thought.

"The Modern Christ is in town," said Stone to his fellow-conspirators on that Market day. "I just saw him entering the Market and close to him his very dear friend, the Church Martyr, Miss—or shall we say—Mrs. Rose Cameron."

"They should be tarred and feathered and driven out of the city," said Snyder. "They are a most disreputable couple."

"And yet there are goody goody people in town who will believe her story," said Havergal.

"The thing could easily be accomplished," said Stone, "by a little adroit management on our part, each lending a hand, and with the use of a little money. If Paddy and Ted had a few drinks and a few dollars and a little information of what was desired, they would make it very warm for our good friends over there."

"I know my father and all the church people are anxious to see respectable society rid of these pests and I would put up some money if need be," said Havergal.

Stone called Snyder and Havergal aside and whispered, "Annette is very anxious to see the last of both of them for fear old Paul may reveal the facts as to their settlement. She does not want it known that the old devil, who honestly did pretty well by her, gave her most of his property, but wants the general impression to go out that he robbed her of her wealth, see? She will never feel quite safe so long as he is around here, or even above ground."

"Well," said Snyder, who only required a hint from Stone to be obedient to his master, having been promised a slice of the old man's property when it came to hand, "this is Market day and a good time for a little mob riot. If respectable people get incensed over the presence of this shameless couple and are tempted to violence, who'll be to blame? They ought to have the decency to keep out of sight."

Stone had a few moments' whispered conversation with Snyder and said, "Remember our compact. When

Whitman is out of the way for good and Annette and I are married, you'll get the five hundred dollars I promised you. But the goods will only be paid for when delivered."

Mrs. Whitman sat silent and thoughtful and some more whispered conversation took place between the three men, after which Havergal handed Snyder some money and Snyder went out hastily. Some very private and confidential conversation then took place between the three conspirators and after half an hour the company broke up and went out one by one in the direction of the Market.

Snyder wended his way after leaving the office to O'Rourke's saloon and entered a private confab with Paddy Burke and Ted McGuire, and after liberal potations of drink, paid them some money, and gave whispered instructions which were recognized by many nods and gesticulations.

Meantime Rose had entered upon her mission and was interviewing various persons in the Market place, seeking a home where she might earn a living for herself and her child.

"Madam" said she to a buxom woman who was sitting in her wagon while her farmer husband was negotiating sales of his farm produce, "have you any work which I could do to win an honest living?"

"Well, I dunno," she replied, "Jake, come over here. This woman wants work and you know we need some help."

Jake: "What's your name?"

Rose: "Rose Cameron, sir."

Jake: "Married or single?"

Rose: "I am single."

After Jake and his wife had held a whispered conversation for a few moments, he asked: "What do you want a month?"

Rose: "Why, as to that sir, I'll leave it to you. You see I want a home for myself and my child."

Jake: "Is your husband dead?"

Rose: "You see sir," said Rose with breaking voice, "I never had a real husband. I thought I was married but I know now that it was a mock marriage."

Then the farmer's wife who had listened attentively to the conversation answered for both of them curtly:

"Oh, no! We don't associate with any doubtful characters. Jake and I are both respectable members of the Baptist Church at our Corners. That would never do."

Next Rose went in succession to six others and received the following replies from—

Mrs. Kirkpatrick: "I know you very well, Rose Cameron, and I know your past history. You have been turned out of the Church and for very good reasons. We do not want to endorse falsehood and shameless conduct."

Mrs. Benson: "Oh, no! I have young daughters of my own. I simply dare not have your name and history brought before them. I must defend the honor of the family."

Mrs. Ellen Clark: "I am not a hard-hearted woman and would like to help you. I believe in forgiveness if the sinner is really penitent. But you are too haughty and proud and you need humbling. Besides, if you were truly penitent you would point out the transgressor. You have no right to keep this information from us. If you are so stiff-necked you will have to 'gang your ain gait!' "

Mrs. Rachel Weldon: "I have never heard of such impudence! Do you think respectable people will tolerate a woman of your character? I was at your trial recently and I know the character of the man who spoke for you. I hope the city will drive you out."

Mrs. Sophia Richards: "I learned all about you and the trial from my cousin who attended it. I am sorry for you, of course, but you told so many false-

hoods that one does not know what to believe. Will you tell me now who is the father of your child?"

Rose: "No. I will not!"

Mrs. Richards: "Then if you are so mighty independent don't come around and ask for employment."

Mrs. Sylvia Brown: "My poor girl, my heart aches for you. I believe you are telling the truth and have had harsh and cruel treatment. I would take you to my home and heart gladly but my family would never consent."

By this time Rose was thoroughly disheartened and was turning to leave the place when she noticed little groups of people gathered around on every side talking earnestly and seemingly greatly excited and looking ominously toward her and Whitman who, unperceived by her, had kept near at hand.

"What are you doing here amongst honest and respectable people?" said a man drawing near her in threatening attitude. "This city does not want you nor your fellow jail-bird, the noble Prophet, so get out!"

Rose, frightened at his words and attitude, and the angry glances of many in the crowd, fled to Whitman who, standing silent between her and the man, awaited his coming.

Close beside Rose, too, was a young man, tall, sinewy and scholastic in appearance who seemed deeply interested in the proceedings and very much attracted by the beauty of her personality, Herman Williams, a young attorney, who had just opened an office on the opposite side of the street from Stone's office.

The man who had frightened Rose, with clenched fist and besotted countenance rushed upon Whitman and asked:

"Are you that old renegade, Paul Whitman, companion of thieves and courtesans?"

Paul Whitman: "I am Paul Whitman."

"Yes," said the man, "Paul Whitman—jail-bird,

prophet, the Modern Christ, you call yourself, but I call you the mock Christ and a real impostor. We are going to rid this town of you and Rose Cameron. Just two minutes we grant you to leave. Isn't that so, boys?" he cried, and a chorus of shouts was heard from various parts of the Market, and a general converging of the crowd took place around Whitman and Rose.

Whitman, lifting his hand, obtained a moment's silence in the clamor, and in a calm modulated voice said:

"I know not why you should be angry with this innocent and unfortunate girl, deceived into a false marriage and unjustly condemned, while the guilty escape—"

"How dare you say she is innocent when the Church Court proved her guilty?" shouted a voice from the rear.

"Shall we harbor these impostors any longer?" asked another voice, and there arose a great clamor in which a number of women took part, and a general surging of the crowd as if to lay hands upon them, while the original assailant shouted in stentorian tones:

"The time is up! You've had fair warning! If you are roughly treated, do not blame me!"

And Whitman, again raising his hand, said: "Friends, I am a man of peace and good will to all. I would not fight even in self defense—but, my Maker to witness, no one shall molest or harm this orphan girl except over my dead body."

With this young Williams sprang forward and took his place beside Whitman, saying, "And I, too, will defend her with my life!"

Then the crowd surged forward under the direction of their leader, inspired it was readily to be seen also by a few men among whom Stone, Havergal and Snyder were leading spirits, and the leader made a vicious plunge at Whitman and an instant later was felled by a blow from Whitman's hand that stretched

him senseless on the earth. Two others then rushed upon Whitman and attacked from different sides and suffered in turn the fate of the first assailant. Then, there was a combined onslaught and Whitman was seized by a dozen or more, his arms and hands pinioned, while a shower of blows was rained upon him, doing him little damage owing to the jostling crowd, until a blow aimed at his temples fortunately struck him farther back than was intended, or his life had paid the forfeit. As it was it laid open a gash upon the side of the head from which a copious supply of blood soon crimsoned his white locks as he sank senseless and helpless into the arms of his captors.

Rose escaped through the brave and adroit aid of Williams until the attack had well spent its force, except with a few rents in her clothing and slight scratches on her arms. However, as both Whitman and Rose were being slowly but surely hustled out of the Market and were nearing the street, into which the body of Whitman was flung with scant ceremony, young Williams who was then behind Rose and between her and most of the assailants, suddenly received a blow that dazed him for a moment. Recovering, he grappled with his assailant, young Havergal, and a battle royal took place in which he received a severe wound upon the cheek which bled profusely, but for which his opponent paid dearly a moment later with a blow to the jaw which felled him to the ground.

The crowd now apparently satiated with revenge after seeing Whitman's body thrown into the street, and Rose ejected from the Market place, most of its members went back into the Market to see how it fared with Paddy Burk, Ted McGuire and Snyder, all of whom had been severely punished by Whitman's sledge-hammer blows.

Young Williams and Rose ministered to Whitman until he recovered consciousness and after slight attention to their own wounds helped Whitman to

Williams' law office where medical attendance was soon summoned.

After the wounds were dressed and an hour's rest had been enjoyed some time was spent in conversation and three souls drew near each other in thought and sympathy who were to play leading parts in the drama then unfolding in their lives.

Then Rose and her teacher set out on a lonely march to Whitman's sylvan retreat on the mountain side. And as Williams stood looking from his office window at the retreating couple and wondering at the malice and hatred of the crowd he fully resolved to learn the nature of the conspiracy against them and espouse the side of the persecuted girl and her teacher. He wondered also at the strange new interest that had come into his life, inspired by her charming personality and by the pathetic circumstances surrounding her.

CHAPTER VI.

Paul's First Lesson to Rose

Thus journeying and carrying the child by turns, Rose and Paul conversed by the wayside upon the strange circumstances that had brought them together and upon the mystery of human suffering, which he expounded to his pupil in a most instructive and inspiring manner.

"Be of good cheer, my Child" he said to her, "in as much as you have a conscience void of offence. Though compelled to suffer and to incur danger rejoice that your life has been spared and because you are now about to receive from me teachings that will amply compensate you for all sorrows. I really foresaw the failure of your visit to the Market and that there was positive danger to myself and to you in such a visit. But your desire to avoid the scandal of the worldlings was so strong it was better to let you incur the danger than to coerce you into a course you could not then approve. The wise teachers in both worlds are sometimes compelled to allow their pupils to enter forbidden paths because certain things must be learned by experience. Some day your nature will be so unfolded that you will see in advance the pitfalls and escape them. So, in a sense the Market experience was necessary to you. I did not need it."

And resting beneath a group of eucalyptus trees by the wayside Paul gave to Rose her first lesson on Human Goodness.

Rose: So they have driven us out. We are—no, I am not—worthy to breathe the air with respectable people. I feel like repeating words learned in my

childhood; "Merciful God—have I fallen so low, Yet I was once pure as the beautiful snow."

Paul: "Gently, Child, gently. Be careful how you condemn others, even in thought."

Rose (sternly): "'Tis true. The women drew their skirts in scorn to let me pass. They looked upon me as moral contagion. The men scoff or pity me. I trusted one of them—that before God was my only crime."

Whitman made no reply but seemed amused.

Rose: "Laughing, friend Paul, laughing while my heart bleeds with wounds your sex has inflicted. My soul burns with indignation. I could murder him—and those who so cruelly condemned me. How can you laugh at me?"

Paul: "Gently, Child, gently. I was just smiling at the great joke they played upon themselves. They want a pure city—Simon pure"—free from all reproach and full of goodness. And they are driving out the two best people in P How the humorists of the skies must enjoy the scene! A purblind, narrow, sectarian crowd of zealots, self-appointed regulators of the world's morality, seeing only the surface of things and in their blind enthusiasm for respectability and devotion to Mrs. Grundy, driving out with brick bats and stones the two saviours of the place. As to your indignation and hatred—remember the words of the Master: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Rose: "I hardly know whether you are in jest or earnest. You speak of me—a disgraced and ruined woman—as "good" and even as a saviour."

Paul: "Oh, Child, I know you cannot understand this. But I will teach you my Great Lesson on Human Goodness, and you will be rich beyond compare with these great and noble thoughts. They will lift you so far above the scorn and hate of men, you will look in pity on your foes and even pray, as did the Master for your betrayer."

Rose: "But how can you be sincere when you say that I am already good—when I feel myself so vile—when I spurn myself—and fairly hate myself because I am unworthy?"

Paul: "I will teach you, Child, in such a way that you will fall in love with yourself daily. Love will find new graces, virtues, goodness and beauty within yourself each hour. Love will say with dear old Walt Whitman: 'I am larger, better than I thought. I did not know that I held so much goodness!' Oh you will be surprised a thousand times to find out how good and beautiful you are."

Rose: "Your words are very sweet to my ears. They sound like the music of falling water. They charm me like the zephyrs playing Eolian music o'er a field of ripening wheat, but, Paul, dear friend, my reason is not strong enough to bear the weight you put upon it. It is so hard to believe in one's goodness."

Paul: "Not hard, Child, after you learn to look within. Start the habit of looking within and studying yourself. Trace back all your acts and motives to the spirit which is and must be pure. Physically we are of the dust. Mentally we are children of light and shadows and do not always see the way, stumbling at times along the path, yet all the time learning more and more how to walk more perfectly; but spiritually, that is in our own essential being, we are one with God, and as pure in Spirit as God himself. We must never recognize any imperfection in our real selves—though there is much imperfection in our lives."

Rose: "But how about my sins, my guilt, my failures to avoid evil? Surely I have imperfections."

"Doubtless, Child, there are many errors in your mind, many failures in your life, many imperfections in your character. What of that? These imperfections are not of the Spirit itself. I carry on a dark night my lantern. If the wick is trimmed and the glass clear the light shines out afar. But if the lamp is neglected the

light becomes dim. The imperfections are not in the light itself; there may be scarcity of oil; the glass may be much darkened. The imperfection is not in the nature of the light; it is in the vehicles through which the light passes."

Rose: "Still I condemn myself and see many imperfections in myself."

Paul: "And you are wrong, Child, wrong. See the imperfections in your life; see and study and remove these. This is a noble task—but the task will be all the easier and the sooner ended if you learn to recognize the purity and goodness of your real self. You must draw a clear line of distinction between the pure fountain and the noisy, impetuous, destructive and sometimes muddy rivulet that flows from it. Your light shines very clear, now, dear Child, and as you learn my wonderful teachings, you will see more and more, how good and beautiful you are within."

Rose: "It is very sweet teaching, wondrous sweet—and it seems all too good to be true. I have had such a bad opinion of myself of late. I have condemned myself so harshly and been so impatient with myself."

Paul: "Remember this, Child, there is nothing too good to be true. Do not be cruel to yourself in thought any more than you would be to others. So many good but mistaken people are unsparing toward themselves yet quite merciful to others. Let us be generous toward self, generous with all. Do not condemn yourself—though you may have to condemn your life.

"If you saw a poor little wayside flower struggling in hard dry soil to grow and realize its vision of beauty, how merciful you would be to it. You would gladly give it soil and water and sunshine and kindly thought to enable it to express its ideal. Be just as kind to your own spirit, dear Child."

Rose: "Oh, wonderful teaching! Truly I am blest in having you for a friend and teacher."

Paul: "Yes, dear Child, you are favored of

heaven. These teachings will come down on your soul like showers on the thirsty earth, like dew on the mown grass. They will turn the dry wilderness into an oasis, the Sahara into a rose garden, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like a rose."

And thus conversing by the way, Paul Whitman and Rose Cameron, after three hours of journeying up the foothills, reached Paul's mountain-side retreat. And so delightful had been the converse on the way—the joy of giving truth and the inspiration and gratitude in its reception—that neither of them felt fatigued with the steady climbing.

Paul yielded up his sylvan retreat to Rose and her child and bade her a welcome to his forest home and finally introduced her to Shakespeare, and Plato and Walt Whitman and Andrew Jackson Davies, and others, companions of his—represented in his bookshelves; and then in solemn silence for a moment he commended Rose and her child to the guardianship of his angel friends. After some simple refreshments from his store of supplies, with axe in hand he repaired to a neighboring cliff, where he soon made himself a comfortable shelter and a congenial resting place.

CHAPTER VII.

The Murder Plot

After Whitman and Rose left the office of the young attorney on the day of the riot, Williams sat long in deep meditation upon the stirring events of the past few hours. Not since his early boyhood before this had he been engaged in a physical encounter. He was a man of peace—not without a temper and a very powerful one when aroused—but his conduct was generally under absolute control of his reason and a fine moral sense. Nor had he ever been seriously tempted to oppose his fellows by physical strength since he reached manhood. Yet here in a few moments he had become an active participant in a bloody combat that certainly would add nothing to his chances of success in his profession. Young Havergal, he learned, had large social influence and in a sense represented a family and a church of great power in the city. He wondered at himself and he fully realized that the consequence of his action might very well be a serious handicap in climbing into public notice and esteem. Yet he knew he had espoused the unpopular side, and that among those who sought to drive Whitman and Rose from the city were some very prominent citizens and church leaders. But how, he asked himself a number of times, could he possibly have remained silent and inactive, when a public attack was made upon a defenceless girl? And what seemed stranger than any other feature of the case was this: he found within himself the strongest resolution, seemingly unconsciously formed, to continue the struggle in Rose's behalf. All this despite the fact that the public evidently believed that both

Whitman and Rose were a most despicable couple and he himself was at present unable to disprove this opinion to himself—much less to the general public.

And yet as he recalled the sweet innocence of Rose's face and her pitiful appeals against the public outrage inflicted upon her, his heart went out to her, and he felt if she were as good and innocent as she looked, possibly too, Whitman might not be as black in character as his enemies had painted him. At any rate he resolved to investigate for himself.

Accordingly a few days later he engaged an auto and started on the trail of the two fugitives and journeying as far as he could by machine he followed the mountain path ziz-zagging up the hillside, and was fortunate enough by directions given on the way, to locate Whitman's Retreat, a quarter of a mile off the main trail and to the right from the three pepper trees by the spring.

He was most gladly welcomed and spent the evening with Whitman and Rose, and while he did not gain the key to the mystery—the name and location of the man in the case—he was so deeply impressed with the sincerity, honesty and high sense of justice in each of his newly-made friends that he regarded his visit as most opportune and successful and then and there offered his best legal ability to secure if possible a reversion of the unjust condemnation of the public, and to defend Rose and her benefactor from further possible attacks.

He sought by every artifice to win from Rose and Whitman the names of the two parties at the trial who had guilty knowledge of her innocence and had sat silent, ignobly silent, while they knew she was being unjustly condemned. He himself had heard Whitman's solemn prophecy of the doom to fall upon the guilty souls that conspired by silence in the crucifixion of this girl on the cross of public condemnation, and had been deeply impressed by the prophecy.

Rose, however, utterly refused not only to name the man whom she married but also to disclose the silent participators whose cowardly lips refused to testify in her behalf. She even declined to give any hint or suggestion to aid the young lawyer in his search. It seemed evident that Rose had taken a vow or made a promise, or felt herself bound in honor, not to disclose, or aid in the slightest degree in the disclosing of the names of the guilty parties. Williams felt too, rather than knew, that Whitman knew the guilty ones—though probably not through Rose's statement but from occult sources—and so appealed to him. But Whitman justified Rose's silence and commended her for it and refused all aid to Williams in his enquiries. He got repeated assurances, however, that every word uttered by Rose and Whitman at the trial was true, and that they both felt quite content to abide for the present under the unjust condemnation and both felt that ere long there would be a vindication of their innocence before the world.

The refusal of aid on their part, however, so far from discouraging him in his attempts to unravel the mystery, only intensified his determination, and convinced him that from some true or false sense of honor Rose was screening the guilty ones for the sake of sparing the suffering of some innocent one. In short, he believed that Rose and Whitman were making martyrs of themselves to shield others from suffering. This, while a disappointment to him, was yet a silent testimony to the nobility of Rose's character and that of her teacher as well.

All his young life Williams had been peculiarly fascinated and drawn toward the solving of knotty problems, the solution of things mysterious and the detection of criminals in their nefarious designs upon society. So he returned next day from the Camp feeling that his life was somehow interwoven with the mystery surrounding Rose and Whitman and that he should

never be contented till he found and brought to punishment the guilty man who had brought shame, sorrow and persecution into the life of this noble girl.

Much as he was fascinated by problems of this kind, fond as he was of the writings of Wilkie Collins, Sir Conan Doyle and Anna Catherine Green, he felt that he had neither the time nor the ability to assume the role of detective himself. Fortunately his mind in turning over the problems of the case in his study reverted to one of the most striking characters in the whole list of students known to him in his college days.

He was a mulatto, Richard Webster, familiarly called Dick, a strong, versatile character who made a phenomenal record in his college course and was reputed to possess powers and characteristics not only strange, but seemingly contradictory. Two natures as well as two nations, seemed blended in his personality, and according to which nature was uppermost he seemed at times to be saint or devil. In his higher nature, which, to do him justice, generally ruled him, he was most affable, courteous and a thorough gentleman, and capable of deeds of most self-sacrificing kindness. On the other hand when some wrong done to himself or his friends seemed to awaken the lower nature in him, he seemed devoid of all restraint, all human sympathy, and would pursue the wrong-doer most relentlessly and with a certain fierce and wolfish sagacity until he brought him to condign punishment or personally chastised him without mercy. He had a reputation well established at school and was so successful in finding lost articles that many thought him possessed of second-sight and some of the more superstitious ones believed him in league with his Satanic Majesty. In these lower moods he had the cunning of a fox, and woe betide the thief, or the man guilty of some wanton cruelty to woman or child, or even to bird or beast, upon whose track Webster started with unerring scent of the bloodhound. His solution for

the College faculty of a puzzling case of kleptomania that had kept the College in a turmoil for half a year, gave him such a reputation in the College town that his aid was sought by the police in several criminal cases and in those it was said he had the cunning of the fox, the secretiveness of the weasel, the courage of the lion and the patience of the ox. After his College career young Webster for a time was on the police force and soon graduated into a private detective, now settled in a city of the Golden State.

Williams at once entered into correspondence with Webster but it was only after he made a personal journey and appeal to him, relating all the story as far as known, that he succeeded in awakening Webster's personal interest and inducing him to enter on the solution of the conspiracy against Rose and the redressing of the wrongs inflicted upon her. Williams returned much gratified with Webster's promise to follow him in less than a fortnight, being fully persuaded that if he entered upon the pursuit of the guilty man Webster would never relinquish the search until the man was brought to fitting punishment. In less than a month after the Market Place Riot we find Webster's quarters in San Francisco were vacant and a new janitor had been installed—Mr. James Thompson—as caretaker of the Hodgson Building in which Stone had his offices, just adjacent to the Market Place and very close to Williams' office. The same James Thompson, minus a few slight disguises, bore a most striking resemblance to Dick Webster, the College friend of Williams the attorney.

Thompson soon mastered under Williams' private coaching the full details of the Market outrage and the facts as far as known concerning Rose's history and also the details of the Church trial and spent many an hour in questioning Williams and joint study with him of their mutual problem. He seemed a living interrogation point in acquiring information from Williams,

but extremely secretive as far as any opinions or plans of his own were concerned. One opinion which Williams did elicit from Thompson (as he was now known) seemed to Williams a very novel one and it was this: that the same parties were concerned in the betrayal of Rose in her Church trial and in the persecution of Whitman, and that when once the right clue was obtained the whole tangled plot would be easily unravelled. The enemies of Rose and Whitman were the same people and when the secret intrigue was uncovered it would be found that they had common purposes and aims in trying to blast the reputation of this couple and drive them away from the city.

As he proceeded in his study of the case, keeping a careful watch upon the frequenters of the Stone office, the question arose quite naturally in his mind, why young Havergal took so lively an interest in the case. At first he thought of Havergal with a slight degree of suspicion as the possible betrayer of Rose, then this gradually deepened into almost conviction. Havergal had been in Boston during the time of Rose's betrayal. He was in the home when Rose was driven out. He was in the church during the trial, and his conduct there in exciting opposition to Whitman and his deep interest in the trial, coupled with his evident nervousness during Rose's severe questioning, formed a chain of circumstances that deepened the conviction in Thompson's mind, that he was, possibly, the guilty man. He, too, was a leader in the riot in the Market Place. No one of these circumstances alone furnished sufficient evidence of his guilt, but combined they gave him good reason for making a special study of Havergal's character and for keeping him under closest supervision. Human nature is a very complex problem as Thompson knew.

He realized that with the normal young man, all the nobler instincts of humanity should incline him to

pity an unfortunate girl, a victim of his own selfishness, and even to defend the weaker and unpopular cause. But Thompson was a student of Psychology and he knew that men learn to hate those whom they have injured, and strange as it may appear, the steps of this mental process appear quite easy and natural when one comes to consider them. It is an easy mental gradation from the inflicting of an injury on a fellow mortal to a sense of uneasiness, dread and fear of that individual, because the soul seems to innately sense the fact that vengeance in some way or form will proceed from the victim to the aggressor. So it is natural to fear those we injure and from fear, which causes mental unrest and pain, it is an easy step to hate. We come to look upon a victim of our own transgressions as an enemy and then by another mental step to hate end even to seek to destroy our victim to escape his vengeance. We transfer the pain and suffering we experienced from wrong-doing to the victim, and nurse the mental delusion that he is our persecutor and that we have a right in self-defense to retaliate. Thompson was sufficient of a philosopher to know that had Havergal been the real sinner in the case, his conduct toward Rose since his arrival home could be accounted for easily and naturally. But why did he hate Whitman?

Simply because Whitman was the defender and guardian of Rose and because Whitman was credited with occult powers which might in some way be employed against himself and, lastly, because he wished to fix suspicion of Rose's character in the public mind by her association with a man of low reputation and, possibly, induce the public to consider Whitman the guilty man in the case. Young Williams had reached very much the same conviction as to Havergal before Thompson, but very wisely refrained from expressing his conclusions to Thompson, preferring to furnish the detective with a full array of the facts and leave him

to cipher out the problem independently. In an interview Thompson asked many questions as to Havergal and Williams readily saw that while very reticent the detective was being forced by the circumstances of the case to proceed along the same line of thought as himself and hold Havergal in thought as the possible culprit.

Thompson was struggling to keep his mind free from theory and to proceed with his own investigations of the facts, as he had found the following of apparent clues and theories based on them one of the greatest difficulties of his work. He held Stone and his friends under closest surveillance for weeks and at last was rewarded by hearing from his hiding place (a clothes closet adjoining Stone's office from which he had deftly removed a small square of the wall, leaving only a similar square on the office side through which conversation was clear and audible) Stone call up one day several members of the conspiracy—Snyder, Havergal and Mrs. Whitman—for a private conference in a private apartment of the Donnelly House. Havergal was summoned for seven thirty and the others were to come promptly at eight the following Thursday evening. He was fortunate also to hear the number of the private parlor and soon after he went out, and calling on the proprietor, asked to inspect some rooms for a friend of his who was coming to P—— to spend the winter and from him by methods well known to the detective fraternity he secured a room for his friend adjoining the parlor in which the conference was to be held, hoping thus to make himself acquainted with the secrets of the cabal.

The day before the meeting of the conspirators found Thompson located in a room adjoining the parlor selected for their meeting, where with a set of tools and instruments he had been bold enough to cut through the baseboard of his own room an opening into a closet belonging to the room of the conspirators. Here he

had inserted a dictaphone which would report to him all loud and clear conversation of the parlor, and if by chance the closet door were opened it would repeat to him every word spoken. If low tones and whispering were indulged in he felt sure that enough would reach his ears to enable him to get the general drift of the conversation.

At the hour appointed, Thompson, prone on the floor with his ear glued to the instrument, waited with breathless interest the arrival of the evening. Stone was the first to enter and from his slow walking around the room it was evident he was inspecting it carefully. He opened the closet door, but so carefully had Thompson concealed by papers the opening he failed to observe it. Stone summoned the hall clerk and made enquiries about the two rooms adjoining the parlor. He was told that one was vacant and the other had been engaged a few days before by a fruit buyer. Stone proceeded to the office and was only reassured when he learned this man had left town for Los Angeles and would not return till the following day. Returning to the room he still seemed suspicious of the neighboring rooms and it was only after he had tried to open the doors of the two rooms, and by calling and rapping on adjoining walls and finding no response that he settled himself down in an easy chair and lit a cigar awaiting his confederates.

Havergal who arrived soon after and was cordially greeted by Stone, asked at once: "How about eavesdroppers in these adjoining rooms?" and seemed thoroughly satisfied with Stone's answers and pleased with the caution and care that had been taken.

Stone: "You look rather glum, Havergal, and rather white about the gills."

Havergal: "And I feel a devil of a sight worse than I look. These devilish things get on my nerves."

Stone: "Stuff and nonsense! Nobody is connecting you with these happenings. And as for Whitman and the girl, neither of them will peep. They are dev-

ilish conscientious," said he with a laugh. "And it's a mighty good thing for you they are, my boy."

Havergal: "I tell you, Stone, I can't sleep nights. If she should change her mind and publicly accuse me, whether she could prove anything or not, it would ruin my whole career, and it would kill my mother!"

Stone: "You ought to be well satisfied. Everything has gone in your favor. You have got her out of your home. The trial went off all right. They have been run out of the city. Nobody stood by them in the Market riot but that damn young upstart Williams and I'll fix his medicine for him one of these days."

Havergal: "Yes! But Williams is on her side now. Who knows what plotting he will do to rake matters up again! I just feel that the sword hangs suspended above my head. In all the little scrapes I've been in I never had so much trouble before. I tell you something has got to be done."

Stone: "That just suits me, Havergal. Yes, something has got to be done and done soon to make matters safe for you and to secure what I have in view. That's what we are here tonight to consider. But, slow and sure is a good motto, in any important undertaking."

Havergal: "You don't seem to realize my danger. There's no safety so long as either of those wretches are in this locality. They must be got rid of in some way."

Stone (lowering his voice): "Have you thought of anything?"

Havergal: "If Whitman could be jailed or anything should happen to him, Rose would have to go to the poor house, or go away at a distance from here to find work. They are too close to us. If Whitman could be got rid of——some way——"

Stone: "I think that Whitman's life will be a short one. The three of our friends who were knocked out by him in the riot, Burk, McGuire and Snyder,

have vowed to have his life. In fact if I had not restrained them Whitman would have received his quietus ere this. They are ready to quiet Whitman any time the plan is ripe."

Havergal: "But why have you restrained them? Do we not all want to see him out of our road?"

Stone: "Yes, these fools would kill Whitman any day and be convicted the next day and who knows who else would be dragged into the case, or what secrets they would give away under a charge of murder? My plan is to rid the world of both the vermin at one and the same time. If Whitman is killed and Rose pays the penalty——"

Havergal, springing to his feet, the remnant of his conscience stung into furious resentment by this diabolical plot, cried out:

"You damned scoundrel! You must have got that from the devil himself! You would murder Whitman and hang Rose—an innocent girl for it?"

Stone (laughing): "Oh, no, you idiot! I would do nothing contrary to the highest morality. I practice the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. And so do you" (sneeringly).

Havergal sat for a time in silence, his soul tossed by conflicting emotions, fear for himself, hatred toward Rose whom by mental casuistry he had taught himself to regard as a persecutor, dread of the coming future, and anger at the cutting irony of Stone's remarks. After a few moments of silence Stone arose and said:

"Havergal, I'll throw up the entire conference and wash my hands of it. You may plan and plot for yourself. You get yourself into a devil of a scrape and come to me to get you out—and when I propose a desperate cure for a desperate case, you flare up and assume a lofty morality and are shocked at the idea of injuring an innocent girl. Damn you, when did you become a saint? You want something done, and right away quick. What is your plan? If I let you and the

others plan the relief scheme, you will have your necks stretched within a few months! You are responsible for Rose's trouble! Now follow out your lofty morality and make a public confession and marry her, have the church verdict reversed! That's one way. If you want to save your precious reputation and win a career, the sooner Whitman and Rose are out of the way the better. Now, what are you going to do?"

Havergal: "I wish sometimes I were dead! I have suffered hell the last few months. I must get relief or go mad!"

Stone, seeing Havergal's horror of the proposed crime waning, said: "Very well. If you cannot plan any relief, I must and will. I am resolved that Whitman must go. He stands in my way and in yours as well. You see I don't pose as a saint like you. And what is there more dreadful about Rose's being charged with Whitman's taking off, which would likely mean a term of imprisonment, than her desertion by her husband and her public disgrace in being driven from home and church as a moral leper? You pose as a saint, as a man with a conscience. You cannot conceive a more dastardly crime than you have perpetrated on Rose. Now make your choice. Sacrifice yourself, your parents, your church, your career, and save Rose, or sacrifice her and save yourself! This girl deserves to suffer. She came here to dog your footsteps. I don't believe a word in old Whitman's trash that Providence led her to your father's house. You have got to choose. Save your reputation, yourself, your future, your father and mother, or sink them, one and all, and save her!"

Havergal (hoarsely): "I see. There is no other way, they both must go—out of our way."

The door opened and Snyder and Mrs. Whitman entered.

Then followed a whispered conversation between Stone and Mrs. Whitman which lasted some time, and of which Thompson could gather only a little and

surmise the rest. He heard the words "farm" and "will" and knew they were discussing Whitman's affairs. He gained the idea that both feared Whitman might in some way transfer his remaining property to Rose.

Then there was for a time a general conversation on the riot in the Market Place and on the injuries sustained by Snyder, Burk and McGuire. They discussed the popular opinion of Whitman and Rose and concluded that most of the entire public sided with them and regarded the couple with contempt, all, except a few fanatics like Williams and a few others. One point troubled them—the voluntary enlistment of this young lawyer in the cause of Rose and Whitman, his zeal as evinced by his words and conduct. What trouble might he not as a "limb of the law" and a zealous partisan of their enemies, stir up? The conversation then subsided into a whispering again and Thompson chafed under his inability to catch, and very imperfectly, a few words.

Snyder said but little, but quite sufficient to prove his deadly enmity toward Whitman and Thompson gained a distinct impression that only the cool caution of Stone, the arch-conspirator, in restraining his confederates was preserving the life of Rose's friend. Stone evidently feared that zeal without caution and a carefully concealed plot would only result in discovery and possible ruin to the cabal.

After a time there was a gathering of the chairs in the center of the room and Stone said in measured tones: "We all want to see one thing, the community rid of these vagrants and permanently rid of them. Had I not restrained the indignation of a few of Whitman's enemies he would have been killed before this. It may be impossible for me to shield this old impostor much longer. If he has to go I hope his end will also rid the community and free us from the presence of his paramour as well. They stand in the way of decent

people, and it would be a godsend to this community in general and to us four in particular if both of them should be permanently removed. I have an idea that the girl will tire of the old blatherskite after a time and shoot him. In which case, should she be convicted the world will be well rid of both of them."

The company then broke up, save that Mrs. Whitman remained for some "counsel" with Stone about their "private affairs" and of which Thompson caught but very little.

Two evenings afterwards Thompson laid the whole details of the plot against Whitman's life before Williams and it was considered necessary to warn Whitman and Rose of the impending danger and so the day following they went by carriage and on foot to Whitman's Retreat. They found them sitting on an overhanging cliff on the western side of the mountain watching the glories of the sun as he bathed the bosom of the broad Pacific with golden light and turned innumerable islets of the aerial ocean into resplendent beauty with indescribable minglings of blue and gray; of saffron and gold.

Rose was surprised and horrified but Whitman listened as though the announcement was neither a cause for surprise or fear, saying that he had fully expected greater violence to follow in the wake of the rioting in the Market Place. He also startled them with the calm statement that nothing would prolong his own life beyond a short period. He declared that in addition to the two deaths which he had prophesied to take place within a year of the Church trial, his own life had been forfeited, since he had sinned the "sin unto death" mentioned in the Scriptures, in that he had rejected the doctrine of non-resistance as taught by the Christ of two thousand years ago, after going contrary to the monitions of the spirit-world in going to the Market Place. He seemed much affected as he spoke of his "departure," not fearing death in the slightest,

but rather desiring it, but particularly for Rose's sake. He wanted to continue his instructions of Rose for some time and to remain as her protector until certain changes should be brought into her life and her character publicly vindicated. He now knew that this was impossible. Unless the higher powers should intervene in her behalf Rose would be left without a teacher, and without a protector against the merciless blast of persecution.

For many years he had accepted and vowed fidelity to the doctrine of non-resistance of evil. He had no temptation to depart from that attitude—even in the face of physical violence toward himself or even death. Yet in the excitement of the Market Place he had lost, for a time, that “inner poise” and absolute command of self through his deep sympathy with and love for Rose and her child. He had descended from the higher spiritual plane to that of brute force and so the higher powers had resolved he must stand alone and unprotected in the next physical attack, which meant his sudden taking off. In the justice of this judgment he fully coincided and the powers of evil should thus triumph for a time in his death.

Williams and Thompson were both deeply affected by the solemnity of his words and manner and Rose was shedding bitter tears.

Then they all essayed to remove the dark premonition from his mind—but vain.

Standing up in their midst he remained silent for a few moments. Then there was a sudden trembling of the body and this was followed immediately by a sudden transfiguration of face, a golden radiance perceptible to all, lighting up his countenance like a sudden shaft of light upon the landscape as the sun emerges from the cloud. After which and while the three were watching with intent interest, he spoke as follows:

“I see the darkening clouds gathering around our sylvan retreat. They encompass Rose and her child

as well as myself—but they are much darker about myself, even without a ray of light. There is some light in the clouds about Rose. I see them break away around Rose and her child and she emerges into light most beautiful, even glorious. The clouds gathering o'er my head grow darker and more forbidding. Hark! It is the midnight hour. I hear stealthy steps approaching in the forest—the hour of my departure is near—I go forth to give my life for the truth I have loved and taught.”

Suddenly he threw up his hands in seeming horror—then lifted them to his forehead—then looking at his hands he cried out:

“Blood! Blood! My atonement for my sin!”

“Oh, Paul! Paul! Paul! My beloved Teacher,” cried Rose, throwing herself at his feet and clinging affectionately to his arms, “do not leave me! I have no other friend, no other teacher, no one can take your place! I cannot live without you—” and weeping bitterly she still clung to him as he lifted her up and said:

“Rose, my child, I will not leave you without comfort and protection. I will come to you. This body of mine has served its mission. I throw it aside as I do an old garment. Lift up your thought to the spiritual. I will be nearer to you after my departure than your breathing, closer to you than your hands and feet. I will watch over you and the little one, and with the co-operation of these kind and true friends of yours, your life will come out from under the shadows, your character will be vindicated, and long years of love, happiness and usefulness await you here. Be comforted, child.”

Then becoming more composed he said to his friends in reply to their efforts to remove the premonition from his mind: “In vain! In vain! Good friends. you cannot avert what—I see before me!

’Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore
And the coming events cast their shadows before.

I see, however, success in your efforts for Rose and the child. Out of the fires of persecution soon to be lit about her feet I see her come forth as gold refined in the fire, purified, beautiful and even glorified. A long and happy life stretches out before her waiting feet."

Williams and Thompson returned to the city much depressed in spirit over Whitman's words yet no less determined to fight the battle for Rose and her babe to the bitter end.

CHAPTER VIII

Paul's Second Lesson to Rose

It was Christmas eve and Paul invited Rose to accompany him a little farther up the mountain side to a projecting rock hanging over the declivity below which was a favorite spot from which he had often feasted his eyes upon the glories of San Gabriel valley. The moon was full and riding in silent majesty amidst the cloudy islets of the blue empyrean. The heavens seemed near and the moon and stars from some peculiarity of the atmosphere seemed larger and to glow with unusual splendor. It was one of those nights in which all souls sensitive to beauty feel the thrill of Nature's loveliness and desire to silently worship the unseen power that reveals so much beauty to the eye of man and so much more to his soul. After seating themselves upon this lofty perch they sat for some moments wrapt in silent admiration. The charm was all too great and controlling for the trivialities of common speech. At last Paul arising, stretched his hand out over Nature's great picture with the mountains for a background and the checkered tints of the farm plots and orange groves, and villas nestling beneath clambering rose vines, all mellowed into silvery beauty by the moon's radiance, and said:

"Ah! Here's a fitting place for my lesson on Human Greatness. These mountains with their white snow caps, sentinels of God, watching here the slow procession of the centuries as they pass—what a background for Nature's divine revelations of beauty below, and what a pulpit from which to proclaim to mortals and spirits the doctrine of the dignity, glory and

infinite possibilities of man. The star-decked face of God above us blazing with the fires of innumerable suns and systems of worlds, what an audience chamber this makes for the greatest and most pregnant truths that ever entered the mind of man. And this quiet valley bedecked with so many colorings and stretching out in its silent beauty with groves of orange, and apricot and pepper trees, and eucalyptus, and gardens rich with perfume, and cozy homes neath climbing roses, and way-side seats where lovers sit, and the long brown path that Whitman loved and immortalized—surely the setting of the picture is complete! Surely angel eyes might feast upon a scene like this!

“And then a great teacher like me, like a fountain of living waters overflowing its banks, and a great lesson all prepared, ready like a mighty ship for the launching, and a growing, expanding soul like you, Rose, to listen and drink in the truth, and a vast unseen audience of innumerable intelligences out of the surrounding etheric realm, all waiting, eager, hungry to hear. Oh, ye Gods above, I envy you not this hour! Truly did Walt Whitman say: ‘All heroic deeds are conceived in the open air.’ The largest and costliest halls of earth, the palaces of kings, are all too small and mean for this lesson of mine!

“ ‘Now I re-examine all philosophies and religions. They may prove well in lecture rooms, yet not prove at all under the spacious clouds, and along the landscape and flowing currents.’

‘I am larger, better than I thought;
I did not know I held so much goodness.’

‘I see nothing anywhere but what you can reach
it and pass it,

To conceive no time, however distant, but what
you can reach it and pass it,

I see no being, not God’s nor any, but you also go
thither.’

‘All religious, all solid things, arts, governments . . . fall into niches and corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads of the universe.’ ”

Rose: “Here, sit down, dear Paul, and teach as did the Master. And as most fitting, let me sit at your feet, my blessed Teacher. See, I have woven a little rustic crown for your head. Let me crown you as a Modern Christ. Tell me, pray, how did you learn of Human Greatness?”

Paul: “Surely I did not get it from the churches, nor very largely from the Gospels, although there are many glimpses in the New Testament of this great truth, but all marred and robbed of their full import by such descriptions of man’s weak and wicked state through Adam’s transgression, as robs them of effect. Nor did I learn the truth by simple study of human life. ’Tis true, that history rightly studied and interpreted sets it forth. For every genius, poet, prophet or great leader among men has shown some indications of the unmeasured greatness of the soul and the illimitable nature of man’s powers, just as the outcropping rocks with specks of gold have indicated the hidden treasure beneath. But men misjudge these indications and misinterpret them to their own bewilderment. They think and talk of individual greatness rather than the greatness of that nature common to all. They praise the fine flowers or fruit on one limb of the tree, rather than the tree itself. Quite true it is, men differ in heredity, environment and opportunity and the expression of human nature in individual lives varies accordingly. Yet essentially all men are the same, every one is a child of the Infinite! Every man has potentially all the divine attributes. Every man is “the repository of infinite possibilities.” Men speak of the man of ten talents and the man of one talent, as though Nature gave some special gifts to one and denied them to others. The fact is every man has every talent and the true interpreta-

tion of the parable of Jesus refers not to the actual endowments of the soul, but to the expression of these powers in the life. One man has tenfold opportunity, tenfold experience, tenfold better environment and has expressed tenfold more of the soul's powers than another man. The effect of this false interpretation of the Parable of the Talents has been extremely ruinous upon the multitude. Men readily assent to the doctrine that their neighbor has the ten talents, they have only one, therefore, there is but little inspiration to do, dare and to win! The view I hold and teach is full of Optimism, full of the potent power of suggestion and has the dynamic power of a mighty inspiration over the soul and life. The fact is that man's unexpressed and undeveloped power is greater than any manifestation of ability ever yet seen in the history of the world.

"You, my child and pupil, have more music, art, eloquence, genius, imagination, inventive power and all that men call greatness, lying unexplored, unexpressed, within your soul than all the great men of all the past ages ever manifested in their lives and works! You may claim potentially every attribute of the divine nature and as there is no end to development, no limit to evolution, no stay in the upward and onward flight of the soul, no mountains you cannot climb, no knowledge you cannot gain, no battle with opposing forces you cannot win, you can no more imagine your own greatness or limit your own powers than you can form an adequate conception of God.

"Mostly I learned this great truth by the study of myself. When I got acquainted with myself I saw that I was unlimited and boundless in my real nature. I think of my boyhood home; I am there in a flash. I think of the planet Mars and in a fraction of a second I have leaped over forty millions of miles of space! Then I saw that my body only contained a part of me, and as Whitman said: 'I am not contained between my hat and my boots.' That I extended out yards and yards in

either way from my body in my auric vibrations, so that all sensitive souls could feel my presence, my healing powers and my thought forces. I saw that I was growing and expanding day by day and radiating greatness and my goodness everywhere. I found out that I was a sun in the spiritual universe, shining for all and not for myself alone. I discovered that where I went Health went with me; Hope went with me; Peace went with me; Joy and Happiness went with me. I was sharing my abundant life with others. I did not have to speak in order to bless the world, nor work with brain and hand to uplift mankind. My very presence did it and my presence was becoming more and more, and more and more, a sort of universal presence, radiating out into great distances and touching men everywhere with the power of my thought and healing forces, and giving strength and inspiration to men.

“I saw that I was living for all and in all. Then I discovered that I was a Genius—and had all talent, all ability—mostly unused and undeveloped within myself. I discovered that all human achievements were outcroppings of the greatness, the inexhaustible riches of the human soul and indications of larger achievements possible to me. I had all of music, art, oratory, imagination, all strength, all prophetic instincts and powers in myself and I saw what had kept humanity in the chains of ignorance and servitude so long—false conceptions of human nature, false theories of where Health, Success, Happiness and Salvation were to be found. And when I began to realize this I re-read human history and began to say of all the heroes and martyrs, seers, poets, geniuses and men of whom the world was not worthy: ‘You only exhibited a fraction of my greatness after all. You yourselves could have done much greater and nobler deeds. You did not exhaust the fountain, you only tapped it.’ Then I began to feel myself greater than all human achievements thus far—and I began to talk in this way to men. And

then it was that men began to call me an Egotist, a Fool and a Lunatic."

Rose: "Oh, that was how you got the name and people who had never dreamed these great truths could not understand you."

Paul: "Yes, the world never fully understands its great teachers. Jesus had a few fishermen for students and could not impart all his lessons because they were not intellectually and spiritually unfolded to receive them. 'Ye cannot bear them now!' Emerson gave his greatest lecture to an audience of forty people. So why should I complain?"

"This, dear Rose, is the teaching that is to uplift mankind. The doctrine of human weakness and depravity cannot save men, for by its potent power of suggestion it cripples human energy, stifles ambition, weakens initiative, and tends to produce what it professes to deplore. It has been tried for thousands of years in the churches and has proved a dismal failure. Men are not helped by hearing how bad or how weak they are, but by learning how strong and good they are. Suggestion is now recognized as one of the most potent factors in life and a soul that receives from others or from its own mentality constant suggestions of weakness becomes by those very suggestions 'cabined, cribbed, confined' and hindered in the expressions of its divine powers.

"So, my beloved Pupil, always suggest to yourself, your own greatness and goodness and throw out constantly to others the same thought. Begin now to impress upon the babe in the cradle by mental suggestion his own greatness and goodness. Wise mothers in this wonderful age are forming the noble character of their children by suggestion while they sing the lullaby songs. Your child now receives those lessons sub-consciously and in later years he will show the beautiful results in his life."

Thus, on and on he talked, and Rose asked questions and looked up into his face all radiant with the great thoughts his lips were uttering and then she looked up into the starry maze of innumerable suns and systems, and then out upon the peaceful valley of San Gabriel, until her poverty and destitution and the bitter sufferings and persecutions of the past year melted away from her consciousness like the baseless fabric of a vision and left not a rack behind. She felt herself rich and happy and only the shadow of Paul's early departure falling over her pathway. She had never been so happy or risen into such lofty thought or caught so noble a view and inspiration of true living.

And Paul himself seemed in an ecstasy of joy and peace that made him oblivious for a time to all but the beauty of his surroundings and the realities of Truth and Goodness. After a little silence Paul rose and said:—

“I feel that I must recite to the mountains, the trees, and the stars, and to the unseen intelligences gathered here tonight, Trench's wonderfully simple and wondrously comprehensive and comforting poem, called,

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

“I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man that thou dost meet
On lane, highway or open street,

That he and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above.

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish—all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain.

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground he led,

Yet if we will our Guide obey
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall open out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall come our perilous voyage past,
All to our Father's house at last."

Then when he had finished and the echoes of his musical voice had died away through the hills and valleys he turned to Rose and said: "Dear child, know you not this is Christmas eve, the time for celebrating the birth of our great Teacher, the beloved Nazarene? Let us together sing in this most beautiful and divine temple of the mountain peaks, to our own souls and the moon and stars and listening angels."

And first they sang Reginald Heber's Christmas Carol:

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid."

And then they sang another from Josiah Holland:

"There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fires while
the beautiful sing
For the Manger of Bethlehem cradles
a King!"

And Rose's rich well-trained voice joined, blended in sweetest melody with Whitman's as they sang Mohr's beautiful "Silent Night, Holy Night" and it would seem as though each rock and cliff, and peak and tree and mountain height and lovely valley, echoed and re-echoed these harmonious strains and all the earth and sky seemed vocal with the music and gladness of the hour and one could almost hear the rustling wings of angelic visitants attracted to this feast of the gods.

CHAPTER IX

The Tragedy on the Mountain

A few weeks had passed since the conference of the conspirators at the Donnelly House, weeks devoted by Stone to perfecting his plan for the removal of Whitman. He felt that the great problem before him was not the compassing of Whitman's death, for he had only to hint the matter to his willing tools and they were ready and eager to follow his suggestions. He distrusted their ability to do the job in such a way as to escape detection, and if once his confederates were convicted who knew what further revelations might follow? He studied long and seriously the problem and finally became convinced that he himself was the only man concerned who had the coolness and judgment to carry out this purpose with safety and that a carefully arranged alibi must be his protection. While in the midst of these cogitations and perfecting his preparations a startling incident occurred which for a time brought consternation to his confederates and caused most serious thought to himself.

On the same morning he and Havergal and Mrs. Whitman each received by mail what we shall call the Bible Letter. Each consisted of a small sheet of brown wrapping paper, with not a word of writing on it, but with the same texts of Scripture, cut from the Bible, pasted upon each. There was no signature or address on the paper and the only writing connected therewith was the address in good bold hand on the envelope in which the sheet was neatly folded. That evening Mrs. Whitman and young Havergal at about the same hour called at Stone's office to report the occurrence and each

was surprised to find that the missive was a common one, Stone having received the same.

Here are the passages:

"Therefore, as I live, said the Lord God, I will prepare thee unto blood, and blood shall pursue thee: since thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee.

Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not be unpunished.

Woe unto him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil.

For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.

Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity.

For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, or hid that it shall not be known. The Lord will bring to light the hidden things of darkness. Woe to them that devise iniquity."

Havergal was deeply affected. The ordeal of the church trial, the suspense and fear that Rose or his mother might suffer a change of mind and reveal the truth, the additional wrong he had done Rose and Whitman in the Market riot and the wrongs done to his own moral sense, were all affecting his health, robbing him of sleep and very rapidly upsetting his nervous system. So overwrought was he that he could not restrain the nervous action of his hands and feet, or maintain silence very long, after he and Annette had shown their letters and had examined that of Stone. Brought up in a sort of superstitious veneration for the Bible and knowing his past guilt and his present active participation in a murder plot which he had come, through Stone's eloquence, to regard as his only salvation, his conscience and his guilty fears were now awakened by these awful denunciations of wickedness, and terror seized his soul. As he gazed with protruding eyes upon the three Bible Letters spread out upon the table around which they were sitting he asked hoarsely: "What in H—are we to do now?"

Stone: "Just what we have planned to do. Do you think a piece of brown paper should frighten us out of a fortune? Not much, my son!"

Havergal: "But they know—some one knows—Have you read the passages? How did they find out? Who sent the letters?"

Stone: "Oh, I suppose some one does know our plan, and they may, possibly, find out who turned the trick, but it is entirely another thing to prove it."

Havergal: "This suspense is awful. I have lost all my nerve. I cannot stand this strain much longer."

Stone: "You'll not have to stand it very much longer. There's no success for me nor safety for you while he is above ground. I see, however, that I must modify the plan. I cannot trust either of the three, you know who they are, to do a successful job. The d——d fools are so hot-headed and revengeful over Whitman's jolts in the Market Place, they could not keep their heads. No man need be detected if he lays out a perfect plan and carries it out perfectly."

"Then things must be provided for in advance. The public will require a criminal, and as the real offender is to escape through an indisputable alibi, some one must take his place, so there must be strong circumstantial evidence to point in another direction. Part of this evidence must precede the event itself. The witnesses must be entirely disinterested parties, strangers if possible, to all directly concerned. Then there will not be a shadow of suspicion resting on the real actor in the event nor a loophole for escape for the one who will be accused."

"Listen to the cant and copy-book morality of these passages: 'Nothing covered that shall not be revealed.' It is absolutely untrue. Only fools and children will believe that. If that be so why is it that innocent people have been hung and the real culprits never known? Quite true that if a man murders from passion and loses his head he often may be traced and convicted."

People without poise and coolness and thoroughly laid plans are convicted. But you will see in this case—what you will see. Both obstacles must go out of our path together, and both must go soon.”

Annette sat in silence through the interview, and heard, and silently sanctioned the plan of her lover and her leader in the criminal pact. Havergal with white face and trembling limbs heard and cowered before the details of the damnable plot which had been outlined all too plainly for his comfort. It would have been far easier for him had Stone only dealt in hints and inuendos, yet his moral sense had already been so outraged and strangled by his dastardly treatment of Rose that he had not the courage to protest against the awful proposal of the deliberate murder of Whitman and the diabolical suggestions of making Rose the innocent victim of another's crime. So he sat spellbound with fear and horror, afraid of his guilty past, afraid lest Rose or his mother should reveal his secret, afraid also to anger Stone lest he follow out his suggestions made on the night of the Conspiracy and desert him to work out his own salvation from impending ruin.

Then occurred another surprise for loud rapping on the hall door apprised them of an urgent visitor and Havergal going out and opening it was confronted by a street urchin who thrust a letter into his hands with the words: “For Mr. Stone,” and vanished quickly in the darkness. Havergal reported the fact and laid it on the table, and what was the surprise of the trio when on being opened by Stone there fell out in full view of all a small sheet evidently cut from a book of poems as the former extracts were from the Bible. On examination it was evidently from the same source as the Scripture passages as the hand writing on the envelope showed. It was a poem by Theodosia Garrison and entitled,

STAINS

Three ghosts on the lonesome road
Spake each to one another;
"Whence came that stain upon your mouth
No lifted hand may cover?"
"From eating of forbidden fruit,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road
Spake each to one another:
"Whence comes that red burn on your foot
No dust or ash can cover?"
"I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road
Spake each to one another:
"Whence comes that blood upon your hand
No other hand can cover?"
"From breaking of a woman's heart,
Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and Thief and Lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains
That no man might discover."
"Naked the soul goes up to God,
Brother, my brother."

Even Annette turned pale as she scanned the lines and as for Havergal, his condition seemed pitiable. Stone himself was not unmoved, whether more from annoyance and anger or from fear it was impossible to decide, but evidently felt the necessity of assuming a bold front before his less hardened accomplices, tossed the paper aside with seeming contempt merely remarking: "Some arrant fool thinks to frighten us with poetry and prophecy. Men of power and will and courage are not turned aside from their purpose by chaff."

Then followed a few moments of constrained and guilty silence in which three souls before the unseen witness of human conduct entered into a conspiracy to

shed innocent blood, to barter the life of a fellow mortal for gold, or guilty silence on their own crimes, and the record was written down on the walls of the great realm of ether on which are recorded all that man ever thought or spoke or did, and all that woman ever whispered.

The last day of Whitman's mortal life was spent mostly in his own leafy bower, at his little rustic writing table and within hand-reach of his favorite authors. Here stood the Revised Version of the Bible, well-thumbed and with many inserted papers on which in bold hand were written notes and comments, and many marginal references in ink and pencil on the pages attested careful and reverential study. Here were found a full edition of Walt Whitman's works, evidently favorites. The Rolfe edition of Shakespeare bearing many signs of use kept close companionship with the standard "Harmonial Philosophy" of Andrew Jackson Davis, and of which "Nature's Divine Revelations" and the "Magic Staff" seemed to have been in greatest requisition. Swedenborg's works complete, and poetry was represented by Homer, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Strange to say his writings were mostly farewell letters to his friends and one full of pathos and tenderest affection addressed to his lost daughter "should she ever be found." One was addressed to Annette his recreant wife with words of love and forgiveness and telling her his great sorrow for the pain she will suffer when she discovers how good a man she has lost and how base a man she has followed. One was addressed to Rose full of pity and tender affection, assuring her he will continue his guardian care over her from the spirit plane after his "departure"—he will not leave her comfortless—that she shall see him again and her heart shall rejoice. One letter in boldest chirography was found addressed:

"To Those Who Plotted my Death."

assuring them of his knowledge of the plot and his forgiveness of the murderer, though he finds himself powerless to save him and his accomplices from the consequences of their bloody deed.

In the afternoon he climbed the mountain side to one of his favorite cliffs and took a long and loving look over the broad Pacific and Western sky filled with innumerable floating islets all seemingly glorified by the burnished splendor of the heavenly world, reminding him of a favorite poem of his in which he found the lines:

"But sometimes when adown the Western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
The golden gate swings inward noiselessly
Unlocked by unseen fingers."

It seemed that evening to Whitman as though Nature had summoned her most wonderful and entrancing colorings for his own special enjoyment, or as though indeed the Gates of that Realm of the Beautiful that lie just beyond the boundaries of the mortal vision, had been opened by unseen fingers and some of the supernal beauty of another world had suffused the ocean of the water and the ocean of the air. To him it seemed the foregleams of a realm toward which he knew he was hastening, and which he should enjoy with purer vision than he now possessed.

And then he came slowly down the mountain to Rose's retreat and entering he caressed the babe and spoke encouragingly to her, telling her in simple speech of his approaching end. He asked her to keep up her faith in him and in the angelic watch-care that would continue over her life, and he assured her that while shadows dark and ominous would gather over her path when he was gone, no weapon formed against her would prosper. Just beyond these shadows he saw the light for her, and better, happier days with friends and

health and happiness. "Therefore," said he, "be of good cheer, my child."

Rose, however, felt the shadows of coming separation resting so deeply upon her soul that she could not keep back the tears. She knew his prophetic instinct was unerring and the dreaded separation was near. He had been to her a father, friend, teacher and guide, and now just when she needed him most and just when she had learned to appreciate his teachings he was to be snatched away by death, and a death, too, of violence! So she sat at his feet her tears falling like rain down her cheeks, and looked up appealingly in his face and clung to his knees, saying: "Oh, my Friend, my Deliverer, my Teacher, how can I spare you out of my life! Do not leave me, do not leave me!"

But he gently laid his hand upon her head and said: "It is expedient for you that I go away. Another friend is coming into your life, a nearer and a dearer one. He will lead you out into liberty and happiness and I shall watch over you and the babe. Fear not."

Then he kissed her on the forehead and caressed the child and repaired slowly to his own retreat.



Four days before this two young men called at the office of the City Attorney and reported a fierce dispute and quarrel they professed to have overheard while camping on the mountain side, between a young woman with a child in her arms and an aged man with a wealth of snow white hair; and from the locality and the description given it was evident that Rose and Whitman were the persons described, in which there was overheard much dispute over a farm said to have been promised by the man to the girl. From the dispute the young men had gathered the information that the girl had been betrayed and the man was the father of her child, and that she was now claiming the reparation promised. They reported most violent language on the part of the girl, and the threat of taking the old

man's life. They expressed fears for the old man's life and felt that some steps should be taken by the city authorities to guard the old man from harm. They expressed the conviction that a record of the facts should be made and as they were strangers in the immediate locality left their names and addresses so that if further information were required they could be summoned. A memorandum of the statement was made but no further action was taken at the time by the attorney or the city police.

On the night of the tragedy Rose repaired to her couch but not to sleep. While she did not know the end of Whitman's life was so near at hand she failed to get to sleep for some hours and then only to be aroused by hearing some conversation near her rustic abode, and later on she heard a shout. Some party of merry-makers were returning at this late hour along a winding path not far away from her retreat after a dance and entertainment on the heights above, and as they came around a little spur of the mountain into view Rose threw a wrapper about her and went outside. She heard voices on the opposite side and near to Whitman's retreat which she could not distinguish but shortly afterward she heard Whitman saying: "I am coming" and saw him emerge from his dwelling and enter the path that led to her own, and then there rang out the sharp crack of a rifle and she saw him throw up his hands and fall face forward to the ground. She then rushed to a little hanger by the entrance to her own dwelling to seize the rifle she had there as protection to herself against animals or robbers. It was gone.

Then with a cry upon her lips she ran and fell upon the prostrate form of her murdered friend. A moment later the party of young merry-makers who had heard the voices and the shot were around her, and Rose—her hands besmeared with the blood of her teacher—rose up to face the horrified company. Her own rifle

lay near her, and as the horror of Whitman's death, the excited questioning of the crowd, and the awful danger to which she saw herself exposed burst upon her bewildered brain she stood swaying for a moment, and fainting was caught by one of the party and ministered to by others.

On being restored Rose gave way to bitterest lamentations and grief and related, in broken and incoherent language, all she knew.

In consultation among the company it was thought best that three of the party should remain and care for Rose, and the rest of the company should repair at once to the city and report the case to the authorities.

Whitman was dead, shot through the heart, and as the scorched clothing showed, shot at close range .

Next morning the City Attorney issued a warrant for the apprehension of Rose who was taken into custody and her babe given into the care of the Police Matron.

Among the early visitors next day and before any inquest was held, Thompson was at the two retreats and spent some hours in minute investigations of the place.

The city papers headed their reports of the tragedy with, "Murdered by his Paramour".

The reporters soon got hold of the purported quarrel between Whitman and Rose and her threat upon his life, and published the same with bold headlines. The circumstantial evidence seemed complete as Rose was found over the prostrate body, with hands besmeared with blood, and her rifle, lately discharged, lying only a few feet away. The public had no doubt whatever that Rose had been betrayed by Whitman and had murdered him for refusing his farm to her in reparation.

CHAPTER X

Finding the Clue Through Impression

Thompson and Williams were prepared in a measure for some serious attempts upon the life of Whitman by the relentless persecutions to which his enemies had subjected him and by the prophetic announcement of his own "departure." Still the sudden tragic ending of the "seer" came upon them as a shock, and consternation filled their minds when they saw that all the attending circumstances pointed seemingly with unerring finger at Rose as the murderer of Whitman. They saw at once that a master hand had planned the stroke and a certain diabolic cunning had prepared the evidence against this innocent girl and that, with public condemnation against the couple, nothing but clear and startling evidence would save Rose from conviction in court. They had an awful battle to fight against the public sentiment and for a time their hearts almost failed them. Yet inspired by sympathy for the girl and with an absolute conviction of her innocence, both felt there was no time for idleness or despondency and so resolved that they would do their best and trust for Heaven's aid in freeing the innocent and bringing the guilty to punishment.

It was quite evident to them that the desire for Whitman's farm was the stake played for by the murderer and that the plot embraced the removal of Whitman by death and of Rose by conviction on the charge of murder, so as to leave the path to plunder open and unimpeded.

When all the attending circumstances were taken into account it was quite apparent how strong the circumstantial evidence against Rose appeared.

The sentiment against Rose and Whitman as vagrant characters, the religious feeling against Whitman as a sort of religious impostor laying claims to spiritual powers which the churches could not recognize, the woman with a child born out of wedlock and now consorting on the mountain-side with a married man, reported as having ill-treated and robbed and deserted his true wife, the woman expelled from a leading church for immoral conduct and basely deceiving her benefactors, furnished most discouraging conditions to be overcome. Then Rose's obstinacy in the trial in declaring she knew the real name of her betrayer while refusing to give it, added fuel to the public condemnation of the girl and, coupled with her present mode of living, made her name one of public execration and scorn on the lips of the general public and particularly of the "unco guid" people.

And the facts attending the murder, the finding of Rose over the prostrate form of the victim, her rifle recently discharged at hand, the absence of any other party on the scene or on the trail, combined with the attested testimony in the Attorney's office of Rose's threat to kill Whitman if he refused her a deed to his farm, all made up a mountain of circumstantial evidence—yet fitting together like the links of a chain—seemingly shutting out all hope of establishing her innocence before a court or jury.

Williams was prostrated by the blow. For a few days he scarcely ate or slept. Along with his firm belief in the innocence of Rose in her church trial and in the legal battle he now saw before her, and his chivalrous interest in defending innocence against injury, the weak against the strong, he was surprised to find that the blow hurled against Rose had all the

elements of a personal attack against himself. He felt it as a personal attack—the blow came home to him in head and heart and staggered him with its mighty impact. Hitherto he had accounted for his interest in Rose by his love of Right and Justice. Now, aside from any principle of equity, he felt that Rose was dearer to him and nearer to him than all others—that her cause was his cause—and he rose up into a sense of heroic personal struggle for victory as he would have done against an antagonist who had waylaid and feloniously assaulted him.

He had not time at present to enter into the psychology of his mental attitude. There was too much at stake and duties were too pressing. Reflections could come later, and so, stirred as his soul never before had been, he summoned all his forces to battle against this wily antagonist that he now recognized as his personal foe. One of the two must go down; it was a battle to the death and Williams took a mental oath that with the aid of the Angel of Justice he would bring his haughty opponent to defeat and to merited punishment and disgrace.

On Thompson the effect was somewhat different. He loved difficult undertakings and the most abstruse puzzles. It was only in grappling with these that he attained his fullest inspiration and could bring all his mental forces into battle. The finest mettle of his soul only manifested in his greatest combats. Moreover he was in possession of evidence that he had not yet seen fit to disclose to Williams, and while he saw the greatness of the task before him, and realized the guile and cunning of his foe, he did not doubt but that he should find some vulnerable point in the armor of his adversary and wound him in the heel. He spent an hour in quiet meditation in his own room and then started out upon the war path. In that hour in his own room he had transformed himself into

Stone's character, mode of thinking and planning and had ciphered out as closely as possible just how a conscienceless rascal would arrange a crime of this nature. He built up a plot and mentally carried it through. He had no doubt whatever that Stone was the real assassin. The whole of the circumstances showed Stone's masterly hand. There had been no bungling, no impetuosity and spirit of hasty revenge such as would have manifested in some way had Stone's accomplice committed the crime. He concluded that Stone feared the friendship between Whitman and Rose might lead to the transfer of the farm to her or to a will in her favor. He concluded that Stone must doubt whether a transfer had actually been made or a will, or were in contemplation. In either case, however, the manufactured testimony and the circumstantial evidence could be adroitly used in court, as an explanation, or cause or accessory of the facts to be disclosed at the trial. If Whitman's removal were delayed there was always the possibility of an actual transfer to Rose, in which case Annette would have to fight a legal, and perhaps a losing, battle for her rights. Having satisfied himself that he had learned in the main Stone's thought and plan of action he next laid out the lines of investigation he intended to pursue. He, like Williams, would not be satisfied with a drawn battle or any partial victory. He vowed he would clear Rose of the murder charge, convict the real culprit and establish Rose's veracity and honor so foully attacked in the church trial. He would not be satisfied even with these results. His sword should pierce the armor and the heart of the skulking scoundrel who had betrayed Rose and started the series of calamities in her young life. Several lines of needed investigation opened before him.

First he must gain information first hand and unquestioned about Havergal's College course and

conduct. He had a vague suspicion—at times very strong—that Havergal himself was the man Rose was shielding, and in Rose's affection for Mrs. Havergal and her loyal spirit of friendship he saw a possible solution of her strange silence on this question. He had learned enough of Rose's strength of character to know that even to save her life she would not violate her sense of justice and truth. He could not prevail on her to break her silence, for he felt she was immovable as a rock in purpose on this question.

There was the possibility, of course, of gaining the needed information by a trip to Boston, but this would consume much time and money, neither of which was available at the time. Williams was a young attorney without financial resources and there was no large expense possible to either of them. He seemed here, as in the case of Rose, to face a stone wall when he sought the needed information.

Then he fortunately remembered that he once attended a series of lessons, one of which was on the topic: "How to yoke the Powers of the Sub-conscious Mind into co-operation with the normal mental Forces so as to Solve Life's Problems and get out of Life's Difficulties." His excellent memory enabled him to recall the practical points of the lesson seriatim.

1. When in difficulty or solving a difficult problem get and maintain complete self-possession. Do not yield to fear or excitement or allow yourself to be driven into hasty action of any kind. Get poise and perfect self-control.

2. Before retiring at night, free the mind of all worry thoughts, all discordant emotions, fear, envy, suspicion, hatred, and think kindly, justly, lovingly of all mankind. Meditate for a time on the wisdom, goodness and love displayed in Nature and in human life and rest as calmly and as trustfully in the arms

of divine protection as the babe rests on its mother's bosom.

3. Then summon the Sub-conscious mind to solve the problem upon which your Reason had failed. Roll the burden that has oppressed you over on these Sub-conscious forces. Command them to take up the problem and solve it for you and to report the answer by impression to your conscious mind. This is committing your burden to the Lord. Do not take up the problem again consciously, nor allow any feeling of worry to enter your mind. Do not act in any way in the case until you get the impression clear and distinct as to what you should do. While waiting for the solution, cultivate a cheerful optimism and hold the thought that the problem will be solved to your satisfaction. This is "waiting on the Lord." While in this calm and expectant and cheerful attitude of mind you may read and adopt as your own John Burrough's marvellously beautiful and inspiring poem:

WAITING

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?

I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

So he resolved to submit his unsolved problem regarding Havergal to his Sub-conscious mind and await results. He knew he must not attempt to hasten the process,—that such solutions by the Sub-conscious required a process of incubation and you could no more hasten the answer than you could the hatching of eggs under the hen.

Some days afterwards the solution came to Thompson in a somewhat singular way. He arose in the morning with a deep impression on his mind that he must go to Los Angeles and there find the needed information about Havergal. It seemed most singular to him that he should be directed to the city of the Angels. Had he even known that friends of Havergal were to be found there it would not have appeared so strange to be thus impressed. Yet he found the impression clear and strong, that in some way Los Angeles held information about Havergal that he must attain. A letter or telegram could not have made the impression deeper on his mind.

He had no phenomenal experience in connection

with this impression; he saw nothing, heard nothing unusual, yet here and suddenly had come to him a mental call, and he knew he was to go to the City of the Angels to find important evidence in the life of Havergal. His past experience had taught him the value of "sleeping over" the great problems of life and heeding the impressions that came to him with the morning light, and as this impression had come to him in this way he resolved to go and "see what would come of it."

The following morning he set out like Abraham "not knowing whither he went." He reached Los Angeles about 9 o'clock and smiled to himself as he thought how difficult it would be for him to explain to most mortals the object of his visit and how little credit the average man would give him for sanity if he should assert the truth that he had journeyed to that city "on an impression."

He sat down for a few minutes in the depot and made himself as passive as possible and then sallied forth on foot hoping for some Sub-conscious guidance of his own mind or some monition from some friendly intelligence with which he had come to believe the surrounding atmosphere of human life is thronged, believing with Longfellow:

"The Spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere."

In some way he felt the riddle of his visit to the city would be made plain to him, and the end he sought attained, and here he should learn facts about young Havergal who was, it seemed, closely interwoven with his impressions that had induced the trip.

He walked for over an hour and was somewhat out of the business sections of the city and walking along a quiet street of frame houses when his attention became fixed upon a small bungalow surrounded by a wilderness of flowering plants and overhung with

lovely vinery. Without hesitation he approached the door and rang the bell.

"Madam," said he to a pleasant-faced lady of 50 who appeared at the door, "I apologize for this intrusion. I am seeking information, and probably you can help me." She invited him in, and when seated, he proceeded to ask, "Are you, or any of your people, from Boston?"

"No," she answered, "we are from Iowa. Why did you think we came from Boston?"

"I do not know," he said, "why I thought so, or even why I called. I am looking for information about occurrences in Boston about a year ago. A woman's reputation and, possibly her life, depends upon finding it. My impressions led me here."

Just then the lady arose hastily and asked to be excused for a moment, as both of them had heard from a room above a fit of coughing. Hastening upstairs she administered a dose of cordial and a glass of water to her sick boarder and, coming down, apologized for the interruption of their conversation by saying, "I have a sick boarder. You might almost say a patient, upstairs. The poor fellow is dying of consumption and came here for relief—but I fear he came too late."

"Is he from Boston?" asked Thompson.

"No, he hails from New York," she said.

Thompson was somewhat puzzled, but more satisfied than ever that somehow he was near a solution of the mystery.

"May I speak to this stranger for a moment?" asked Thompson as he handed his card to the woman. Without hesitation she led him up to the sick room.

Thompson begged forgiveness for his intrusion into a sick-chamber, and then said: "Sir, I am working in defence of an innocent woman, betrayed and persecuted and now charged with murder. She lived in Boston——"

He got no farther with his address for the sick man, with eyes alight with excitement and face aglow with the hectic flush and with deepest interest, stretched out his emaciated arms and grasped the hands of Thompson and gasped out the question:

“Rose Cameron?”

And falling back exhausted, he gave way to a spasm of racking cough that was most painful to hear and witness.

On recovering and learning from Thompson that Rose Cameron was the woman referred to he cried out in a delirium of joy:

“Thank God! Thank God! You are the man I have been praying to see. I will make what atonement I can. I am James Ashton and one of the guilty parties. Charlie Havergal made a bet—he would marry her in a month—it was a bogus marriage—God forgive me—I acted as clergyman—and Dick Holbrook as witness.”

After another violent fit of coughing, which left him much exhausted, he continued his confession, with pauses for rest between each of the sentences.

“We went back to Rose—a month later—and reported that Professor Squires—that was the name he took—was dead—and Dick—pretended he was Squires’ lawyer—and got her certificate we had given her—to look after Squires’ estate—I think he has it yet——. After I heard Rose was turned out—by her aunt—and went West—I saw what I had done—and I wrote Havergal—but got word—he was out of the country——. This last month—since I’ve got so bad—I’ve suffered hell—and Oh, I’ve prayed—every day—for some door to open—that I might make good—before—I—died! Will you—take my affidavit? And will it—help Rose? Thank God you’ve come—at last!”

Thompson hurried out and secured a Notary Public, and the following Confession was made out and duly signed and attested under oath:

I, James Ashton, fellow student with Charles Algernon Havergal, Richard Holbrook and Thomas Fairbanks at the ————— Medical College, Boston, in the year 1906, being now on my death-bed and sincerely penitent for the part I took in the shameful deception and betrayal of Rose Cameron, and desirous of finding the Mercy of God and the forgiveness of those I injured, do make oath and say:

I was present with the above named students in the private parlor of the Hotel Astoria in Boston in the fall of 1906 when all of us were more or less under the influence of intoxicants, when a bet was made between Thomas Fairbanks and Charles Havergal that Havergal would, within two weeks take Rose Cameron, a waitress in the Italian Restaurant, out to dinner and within one month would marry her. I and Holbrook assisted in the mock marriage and I acted as clergyman. Holbrook and I afterward secured under lies and deception the Certificate of Marriage given to Rose Cameron, and I believe Holbrook has it yet in his possession.

JAMES ASHTON.

Then followed the attestation and seal of the Notary Public in due form.

Thompson returned on the afternoon train, having secured from Ashton the address of Richard Holbrook in Albany, New York, and immediately wrote a lengthy account of the whole affair to the Police Headquarters in that city, asking them to secure a Confession and the Certificate from Holbrook with the shortest possible delay.

He reported "progress" to Williams, but determined to keep the Ashton Confession a secret till a late stage of the trial as an overwhelming surprise to

Judge and Jury and all spectators. Even his friend Williams must suffer a little longer the anxiety that preyed upon him as a nightmare, that the surprise of this document in the Court Room might prove more general and dramatic.

In less than two weeks he received the Confession of Holbrook, accompanied by the bogus Marriage Certificate. Holbrook had been appalled by Rose's sufferings and especially by her peril, and much moved by Ashton's Confession, a copy of which had been shown him, and frightened by the threat of prosecution by the authorities for his criminal part in Rose's betrayal, had broken down and confessed his guilt and promised all the assistance in his power to right the wrongs she had sustained.

In receiving and filing the Holbrook Confession and the Certificate in the same drawer with Ashton's, Thompson soliloquized:

"There, Mr. Havergal, we have you under lock and key. Your career has already ended in disgrace. The 'hidden things of dishonesty' have been 'brought to light.' So shall your leader in criminality—the murderer of Whitman—who now feels so secure from discovery, be brought down to the dust and reap the due reward of his bloody deed."

Then he opened another drawer, and from it he took out a leather purse and, taking out from it a grayish white button attached by a thread to a small piece of checkered cloth torn from some garment, probably a coat, and with the cloth was a small shred of lining. These he contemplated with interest for a time, and seemed to fairly revel in delight over their possession. Then he soliloquized again and said:

"And now, Mr. Stone, if I can find the driver of the auto and the discarded suit of clothing, there is enough strength in this tiny shred of cloth to hang you as Whitman's murderer. I must find him, and

I must find the suit—unless you buried it—and then we shall be ready for the legal battle.”

This button and shred of cloth he had extracted secretly from between the second and third fingers of Whitman's right hand on the morning after the murder. His theory was that the murderer on the narrow path between the two retreats in which Rose and Whitman dwelt, had approached so near to Whitman—probably in order to make sure of his victim in the shady obscurity—he being forced by the narrowness of the path to make his escape in the direction of Whitman's cottage, had come into actual contact with his victim as he was falling and that unconsciously Whitman's hand in reaching out for support had caught between his fingers the buttons of his assailant's coat, and in his fall had rent it from its place with a small segment of the coat and lining. This, at least, was the moving picture which Thompson's imagination had painted as a reproduction of the murder scene.

Meantime Williams was not idle. He had frequent visits with Rose in prison, and with each visit his personal interest in the case increased. He was charmed with her manner and greatly admired the courage with which she faced the perilous position into which she had been thrown. Indeed, so buoyant and confident was her spirit that Williams, who went with the intention of comforting a heart-broken and possibly a hopeless woman, found that she was a fountain of inspiration and courage to himself. How much of this she owed to the lofty teachings of Whitman, and how much to some hints from Thompson secretly conveyed to her, we leave the readers to imagine.

Whitman had taught her that no one can injure us but ourselves—that all things work together for good—that out of every material difficulty the soul

has inherent power to rise and a pledge of victory in all conflicts—and, moreover, he had warned her of these coming dark days, but had also bid her rejoice for brighter days were just ahead of these with love, friendship and happiness. These promises and prophecies had become more deeply impressed upon her since Whitman's transition and caused her to radiate the strong hope within her soul upon all who came into contact with her. The prison officials noted her lofty courage and declared they had never before seen a woman under so serious a charge and with such an array of strong evidence against her, so full of courage and hope. And so Williams became enamored of her philosophy, and most of his interviews were spent in discussing Whitman and his teachings, rather than knotty points of law or any special method of upsetting the strong circumstantial evidence that he knew had been manufactured for her conviction. So he derived courage and hope from interviews with Rose and also from Thompson, who, though very reticent, Williams could see was satisfied with the progress of his work. He extracted a promise from Rose that when she was freed from the serious charges against her she would teach him Whitman's lofty lessons that had apparently lifted her above fear in this great crisis of her life. Rose the more readily assented to this since Whitman had taught her the obligation of giving out all truth to those whose minds are fitted to receive and profit by it.

Williams had left the work of investigation largely to Thompson, assured as he was of his great ability, and when alone sometimes grew despondent as he saw from police investigations that fact after fact was being added to the incriminating circumstantial evidence against Rose. In these fits of despondency his only consolations were interviews with Rose and Thompson. When he pointed out the rapidly

accumulating evidence all seemingly pointing toward Rose as the culprit, Thompson quietly remarked that he fully expected all this to take place and that the case for Rose would even seem darker yet before and even at the trial, but that this would only make complete victory more astounding, and that something very dramatic—like the explosion of a bomb in an enemy's camp—would startle the Court, and vindicate Rose completely. And so Williams had to bide the hour of victory without a hint as to the quarter from which it should come.

Truly, from the legal standpoint the case against Rose looked dark, if not absolutely hopeless. The popular scorn and ill-will against her and Whitman made it difficult for people to give unprejudiced judgment. She and Whitman had certainly violated the conventional moral code of Society—and how was the general public to know she had been forced to do so by the lack of Christian Charity and callous indifference of the “unco guid?” The religious public had a contempt for Whitman which degenerated into hatred for what appeared to be his blasphemous claims to Christhood and of prophetic power. The difficulties of her case were increased by the utter absence so far as the public mind was concerned of any theory explanatory of the crime. There was no other probable culprit. Quite true, the police for a time entertained the thought that one of the trio who had suffered so severely at Whitman's hands in the Market Place Riot, and who were known to cherish a feeling of revenge, had committed the dastardly deed. But investigation had proved for each one of these a clear alibi with such a wealth of confirmatory evidence that the police utterly abandoned the theory. As for Stone and Havergal, though known to have expressed contempt for the couple and to have voiced a desire to see the community well rid of them, their high standing in

the church and society forbade the thought of mention of their names in connection with the murder. Quite true, there were a number in the city who regarded Havergal's and Stone's association with the church as a cloak for dishonesty or even crime, yet these were not in a position to act, nor had they the courage to voice their suspicions in public. And as for Stone—as we shall see—he had a most elaborate alibi positively proving his presence in his office after 12 o'clock on the night of the murder.

Then there was also the evidence in hands of the police of sworn witnesses of Rose's quarrel with Whitman over the deed to the farm and her threat of murder if Whitman failed to comply with her demand. Then her presence on the spot, her rifle with the still smoking barrel, and the bullet found in the autopsy agreeing with the caliber of the gun, and her grief (and apparent remorse) along with her incoherent and inconsistent replies when questioned by the merry-makers—all made a picture of seeming guilt that at times overwhelmed Williams with dismay.

One little task had been assigned to his care by Thompson, and that was to ferret out every possible fact about the two young men as witnesses, for Thompson felt well convinced that this story was a frame-up and no such quarrel ever occurred as they had reported. In this work he met difficulties at every stage of his endeavors. The real or assumed names given to the Attorney were Thomas Brown and James Lanahan, and they had asserted in their testimony they were from Los Angeles and had been camping on the mountain side. But all his efforts failed to get more than a meager general description of them or to find them through the Los Angeles police. In the preliminary examination of the case when it had been decided to arrest Rose on the charge of murder, the City Attorney had promised that the

young men, though then absent from the city, would be available when the trial came off. All Williams' efforts to get information of their present whereabouts from the attorney ended in failure.

Thompson, however, had been more fortunate, and looking in another direction guided by the same instinct which had heretofore never failed him in criminal investigations, had received a little packet from a friend of his, a Captain of Police in Denver city, which he occasionally took out of his drawer and carressed with loving care and over which he smiled good-naturedly in the quiet of his room and then hid away again under lock and key.

The trial had been set for the October assizes and it was not till the first week in that month that Thompson's researches in one direction were rewarded with success. He was in his room one evening when a gentleman called upon him carrying a dark valise, and after a casual greeting and locking the door, the man stepped close to Thompson and, in a half-whisper, said:

"I've found it at last!"

And Thompson, with hands trembling under the excitement of the announcement, took from him as he opened his valise upon the table, a parcel carefully tied up in wrapping paper, which, when opened, only disclosed some scraps of cloth with edges blackened by fire and some charred paper. When examined more carefully there were found an uninjured piece of the sleeve of a man's coat, a remnant of the collar and a narrow margin of the front flap with one button intact and a bit of ravelled edge as from a tear and where another button should have been found a strip of lining almost but not quite dissevered from the cloth.

Thompson took from his treasure drawer his leather purse and extracted from it the button and shred of cloth and lining which he himself had found

in Whitman's hand, and proceeded leisurely to match therewith these remnants from the fire, while his visitor was eagerly watching his movements. After a moment he laid them all upon the table, and with a sigh of intense relief he said to his visitor:

"There's not a shadow of doubt. These remnants are silent yet convincing evidence of crime."

A moment later he patted his friend's shoulder and said: "You've done a noble work, my friend. I am advancing the money for this investigation so far—and I am so thoroughly pleased with your good work I hand you an extra ten with my best gratitude."

Then they chatted pleasantly for a few minutes and, his friend who had been diligently searching the mountain-side for weeks, explained the location in which the fire had been lit that was intended to consume all of the disguise suit which the murderer had worn on the night of the crime. Then he added:

"I have even found the negro driver who took him to the foothills on that fatal night. I have forced a confession from him by a threat of charging him with complicity in the murder. They left Stone's office a little before 10 p. m., as the negro will testify, and yet the murderer has a clear alibi with three witnesses who were in his office till after midnight to swear to his presence there shortly after 12 p. m. And the murder took place about midnight. It seems very mysterious."

And Thompson replied: "And I have been making a private investigation of this gentleman's desk and office and have discovered the trick apparatus in his possession at that time, but now in my possession, by which he was able to deceive the witnesses."

And so the momentous day of trial at last arrived.

CHAPTER XI

The Murder Trial

January 18th, the day fixed for the deferred trial of Rose Cameron for the murder of Paul Whitman, dawned bright and clear with a chill of coming winter in the air; despite the hope that had buoyed up the spirits of the accused girl up to that hour, she found a great dread and fear stealing over her heart. Up to the hour since the murder of Whitman she had dwelt mostly in solitude and her mind was stayed upon the memory of her great teacher and friend, and upon the exalted truths she had imbibed in his lessons, and these had enabled her in her prison cell to live in a sort of ideal world and had upheld her. Now she was to face the great public—the people whose minds were filled with misconception and prejudice—she, with a nameless child upon her bosom, who had been pitilessly condemned in a church trial and cast off as unworthy of fellowship with good people, and driven forth out of the city amidst a storm of scandal and abuse. She suffered under the added opprobrium of having associated with the murdered man in a way utterly condemned by social conventions. To all this was added the awful charge of murder and a combination of circumstances so condemning in their character that unless something of the nature of a miracle should happen it would seem there was no escape from conviction by judge or jury. Truly her situation was one that might extort pity from the coldest heart, yet very few extended kindly thought to this beautiful girl as she took her place in the dock, attired in a

white dress with a rose upon her bosom. Even among the women who were present in great numbers there were but a few who bestowed a glance of pity upon the friendless girl, so dense and cruel is popular prejudice and so harsh and cruel is woman's judgment of one of their own sex, who dares to violate the conventions of the social order. The people believed she had stepped aside from the narrow path—that was enough. DeWitt Talmage once said: "There is more mercy in the fang of a viper than in woman's judgment of a fallen sister that dares to ignore the conventions."

The Court Room was crowded to repletion. In addition to the city attorney who prosecuted the case, and his assistant and Herman Williams for the defence, there was a large array of legal talent from other cities attracted by the novel features in this case and the love all lawyers have for witnessing a real legal battle. In addition all classes in the social, religious and business world were represented. Large numbers failed to gain admission.

Young Williams sat pale and expectant in his chair in his first great case, realizing the responsibilities of the hour and feeling how unequal the contest was between himself and his legal opponent who had years of experience to his credit and was recognized as a master of legal tactics in the conduct of a case. Somehow he felt that this trial was not only a turning point toward salvation or ruin for the girl he loved, but also that it meant success or failure in his chosen life-work for himself, and in his heart was an unvoiced prayer for wisdom and strength for the conflict before him. For a time he had thought seriously of securing the aid of some older attorney skilled in criminal cases and forensic battles, but on the advice and assurance of victory from Thompson, had decided to go on with the case single-handed against the great odds against

him. He felt somewhat hampered by sets of questions given him by Thompson to ask of certain witnesses and a certain order of procedure which Thompson had laid out, yet, inspired by his confidence in Thompson resolved to follow the directions given him.

Stone occupied a seat with other legal gentlemen, well to the front, and upon his face was a look of quiet confidence and internal satisfaction as though the world was moving on very much to his liking and satisfactorily to all his friends. The Havergal family was represented by Dr. Richard Havergal, who sat conversing with two other clergymen, and by Charles Algernon Havergal, who sat with a younger set of men some distance in the rear. Most of those prominent or deeply interested in the Church trial of Rose were present in the greater crisis of her life.

At precisely 10 o'clock the coming of Judge Willis was announced. The hum of voices ceased and the people arose as the venerable judge entered and took his seat. The Court opened. The legal battle was on.

The Attorney for the state summoned witnesses to prove the death of Whitman, and the coroner and several of the merry-makers bore testimony to the finding of Whitman's body, shot through the heart, and the smoking rifle, and the presence of Rose Cameron in lamentation over the body of the murdered man. They identified Rose, and the rifle presented as an exhibit in the court. There was no cross-examination of these witnesses as both sides were fully in accord as to the main facts in the case.

Next came Thomas Brown and James Lanahan, the two important state witnesses who had reported the quarrel between Rose and Whitman on the mountain side. They both identified Rose as the woman in the case. They repeated with minor additions the statements formerly made to the City Attorney.

Williams' examination of these witnesses was very

brief and seemingly perfunctory. His questions related to the place of interview, the hour of the day, the distinctness with which they heard the conversation, the distance between the witnesses and Rose and Whitman at the time of the quarrel, with no attempt on his part whatever to discredit their testimony, or even to suggest a suspicion of its genuineness. Indeed had he been prosecutor in place of defendant in the case he could not have treated them with more gentleness and respect.

The Court seemed astounded that Williams had done no brow-beating, used no artifice to turn their statements against each other, and refrained from asking any leading questions about themselves that might have perplexed the gentlemen and confused them. The attorneys witnessing the trial showed plainly their contempt for Williams' method of treating leading witnesses against his client.

The young men took their seats with a smile of satisfaction on their faces. They had not expected such plain sailing. The City Attorney looked with seeming pity on Williams as he allowed these two star witnesses to take their seats without the slightest effort to discredit them or to weaken the force of their testimony.

Next came a Captain of the Police, who deposed to finding a will among Whitman's papers leaving his farm to Rose Cameron. The announcement of this will proved a shock to Rose and was a surprise to Williams, who feared the use that would be made of the fact in attempting to prove illicit associations between Rose and Whitman, and thus more deeply prejudice the jury, and also the seeming confirmation this gave to the testimony already given of a quarrel between Rose and Whitman over this very subject.

Next followed a number of witnesses to prove that Rose Cameron and Paul Whitman had been

dwelling in closely adjoining woodland retreats for several weeks and had often been seen in association about the city and on the mountain side, and that this association continued up to the murder of Whitman.

The Attorney then asked leave to introduce a minute from the Records of St. Andrew's Church to prove that Rose had been guilty of falsehood and immorality. The Judge heard the request in silence and there was a moment of waiting, with all eyes in the court room turned upon Williams, who was evidently expected to oppose most vigorously the introduction of this extraneous testimony. But Williams sat perfectly quiet and unmoved and did not seem disposed to offer even a formal protest. So the Record was introduced and accepted and a smile of incredulity—almost akin to the contempt shown for a weak and cowardly contestant in the ring—sat upon the faces of the attorneys in court.

John Stone's smile had broadened into a grin as he watched the seemingly farcical battle William was fighting.

The Court took a recess. As the crowd was passing out Stone was heard to remark: "It's a d——d poor fight that young cad of a Williams is putting up. It's a shame that a girl tried for her life shouldn't have a better counsel. Of course, though, no counsel could save her."

"That's true," said another of the legal fraternity, "Williams hasn't a particle of fight in him. It is a shame."

Then a gentleman who was touching elbows with them, turning, faced them and said:

"Better wait. Williams may have more up his sleeve than you think. I rather expect surprises at this trial." And Stone looking round saw that the speaker was Thompson, former janitor of the Hodgson block who had resigned his position some time ago

and was supposed to have left the city. Then there came over Stone the first uncomfortable shiver of apprehension which was repeated and augmented when he received before the afternoon Court session a subpoena to appear at the trial as witness for the defense. At the same hour young Havergal and two other very warm friends of his received subpoenas for the defence. And each one so receiving began to wonder what possible testimony Williams could hope for from them.

A little episode occurred during the court recess that is worthy of note. Williams had decided to ask the Judge to rule that all witnesses attendant at the trial should remain in attendance until the case was given to the jury. On consultation with Thompson he found that he had already taken effective measures to secure the two campers until the end of the trial. Going to the Police Captain he opened and displayed the contents of a small packet which the reader has already seen him extracting from a locked drawer and handling with great fondness, and with a few words of explanation the Captain had agreed very readily to keep them under strict surveillance. After the morning session these young men had repaired to their hotel and were making preparations for an early departure from the city when two policemen waited on them and apprised them of the fact that if they attempted to leave before the trial ended they would be arrested on a very serious charge. The young men decided to stay and were subpoenaed for the defence.

Another great throng was in the Court Room when the Judge entered and the case was resumed. The Attorney for the State then explained to the Court that as he should endeavor to prove that the accused woman had been misled and her mind poisoned by the pernicious teachings and blasphemous doctrines of her former associate, he desired to intro-

duce testimony as to the character and conduct of the murdered man, and the peculiar nature of his teachings as throwing light upon the contentions between the murdered man and the accused woman and explaining in some degree the cause of the crime. His Honor ruled that such testimony could not be introduced, and the attorney then proceeded with his address to Court and Jury which lasted over an hour.

He rehearsed the testimony given, dwelt on the career of Rose Cameron since she came into the community, showed how unreliable her word was from the Records of the church trial and enlarged upon the associations of Whitman and Rose Cameron, putting special emphasis on the testimony which recounted the quarrel between her and Whitman as to the farm and closed with an eloquent appeal to the Jury to vindicate justice and the majesty of the law by a verdict of wilful murder against the accused woman.

Williams took the floor and summoned as his first witness Charles Algernon Havergal. This name produced a sensation in the Court Room for a variety of reasons. The general public had never in thought connected him in any way with the case. It was of course well known that Rose had been an inmate of his father's family and had been expelled from his father's church. It set all the quidnuncs wondering as to what was coming. It produced a marked impression upon Stone and his band of conspirators and upon some of the rougher elements who knew of Charlie's escapades. Rose found great difficulty in controlling her emotions as this shameless betrayer of her honor took the stand to perjure himself in self-defence, yet resting all his hope of deliverance from the condemnation which he knew was due him on her sense of honor in withholding the truth from the public.

After being sworn the two antagonists faced each other in a contest more real and far more important than that of the physical encounter in the Market Place. Williams had thrown off his indifference, cast aside his mild and insinuating graciousness and now the spirit of battle was upon him and gave a ring and crispness to his voice, a light to his eyes, a vigor to his movements that woke up the whole court room to increased interest. Every eye was fixed upon the two contestants, every ear strained to hear each word and everyone felt that the very air was vibrant with intense thought, emotion and will power. Williams was fighting a just battle and for the girl he had learned to love and with a foe he knew who was worthy of the worst possible punishment.

In clear stinging tones he asked: "When did you first meet Rose Cameron?"

Havergal felt the question like a blow and halted a moment and then said, "On my return home from College about the first of July last."

"Are you positively sure that you did not meet and know her as Rose Cameron before?"

"No, I did not," affirmed Havergal with some warmth.

"Did you ever on any occasion or for any reason assume the name of Professor Reginald Squires?" asked Williams.

Havergal visibly paled at this question. His countenance was livid. He looked about the Court Room in a dazed sort of way, as if seeking help. Then, summoning his strength and with a look of deadly hatred in his eyes, he faced Williams and said angrily:

"No, I did not."

"Did you ever under any name," continued Williams in the same clear, decisive tone, "beguile a girl into a mock marriage and then—desert—her?"

"Assuredly not," blurted out Havergal, another spasm of pain passing over his frame, leaving his face drawn, haggard and bloodless. A trembling of his hands and limbs was quite manifest. He was suffering intensely.

Williams proceeded, his voice growing more and more incisive as he faced his antagonist: "Did you know in your College days fellow students by the name of Richard Holbrook, James Ashton and Thomas Fairbanks?"

Havergal, with a quaver in his voice, answered, "I did."

"Did you ever make a bet with Thomas Fairbanks?" Williams shouted in rapid speech.

"I do not remember—possibly I did. Students often make bets."

"Did you ever bet one hundred dollars you could win and marry a young lady within a month?" was the next bolt Williams launched in his rapid-fire attack.

"Most certainly not," said Havergal, with more boldness than before. He was now getting his second wind, having called up all his mental reserve forces.

"Do you know where James Ashton is now?"

"I do not."

"Would you know his signature if you saw it?" asked Williams.

"Possibly, I might," answered Havergal, again wavering and hesitating.

"Well," said Williams, stepping close to Havergal and speaking very emphatically every word, "James Ashton is dying in Los Angeles. This is his signature," displaying a paper before Havergal's face, "given to an affidavit he made a few days ago. See if you recognize that signature," said Williams, towering above the shrinking form of Havergal and thrusting the paper into his hand.

Havergal convulsively grasped the paper, glanced

at it a moment, then stood stock still, looking but with almost sightless eyes—a glassy stare had taken the place of the intelligence which shines from the normal eye.

Williams waited a moment, while no one in the court room seemed to breathe, so intense was the interest, and then repeated:

“Can you recognize James Ashton’s signature?”

Havergal seemed beyond the power of speech, completely paralyzed with fear, a pitiable craven. Then there was a murmuring in the court room which the Judge sternly repressed and, Williams finding no response from his witness, took the paper from Havergal’s nerveless hand and, turning to Judge and Jury, said:

“This is James Ashton’s dying confession. It discloses the bet, the plot, the mock marriage of Havergal, as Professor Reginald Squires and Rose Cameron—and Havergal’s desertion of Rose—and here,” he said, producing another paper, “is the Richard Holbrook confession—and here is the Marriage Certificate,” exhibiting it to the Court, “of Professor Reginald Squires and Rose Cameron.”

The court room was in a hubbub. Most of the people were on their feet, some talking and gesticulating. The Judge, after restoring order, threatened to exclude the public if such a scene was ever presented again.

At the mention of the Marriage Certificate a shock as from an electric current passed over Havergal’s frame. His frame convulsed, then straightened for a moment, his eyes caught the look of intelligence again and, grasping the Certificate from Williams’ hands, he looked it over again and then, a groan as from a dying man escaped his lips and he fell senseless to the floor.

He was carried out, revived and a taxi started with him to the hospital.

Williams then presented the two confessions and the Marriage Certificate, and the Court ruled that as they had an important bearing upon the case, though not in line of direct evidence, they should be accepted.

In less than an hour word came from the hospital that Havergal was dead. He had shot himself fatally on the way and only survived a few minutes after he arrived there. In less than another hour a bulletin announced the death of Mrs. Havergal from heart failure. She was stricken at once on the news of the Court Room scene and later news brought to her of the serious illness—as the report was modified for her weakened condition—of her son brought on the crisis resulting in death. These two deaths in one family and the consequent excitement that filled the minds of the public and rose to a higher pitch in the Court Room, induced the Judge to suspend the hearing until the following day.

That evening was a troubled and sleepless one for Richard Stone, about whose path the shadows were gathering and who felt an unaccountable dread of the coming morrow. His troubled soul felt premonitions through the fate of Havergal that the defence had still further surprises for Judge and Jury in store and his strong confidence in the security of his position which had upheld him through the opening trial was now giving way to a nervous fear of something undefined, and for that very reason the more dreadful, in his pathway. Through the gathering mists he saw occasional glimpses of a hand-writing on the wall foretelling judgment.

The following day at 10 a. m., another surprise awaited the spectators of the trial before Judge Willis. Richard Stone, a lawyer of eminence, a man well and favorably known and a recognized church worker, whom the general public did not connect in the remotest degree with the crime, was summoned as a

witness for the defence, and the spectators were all agog with wonder as to what possible testimony this eminent citizen might be expected to furnish. It is true, those acquainted with the Church Trial knew him as a member of the Judicatory that tried Rose Cameron, but how could this man be connected even as a witness with the murder trial? Williams proceeded much in the same manner and method of address as with Havergal—shooting out his sharp and rapid queries apparently with little deference to the eminence of the witness' standing in the community and eliciting from Stone and from the State Attorney repeated protests, the Attorney protesting against what he regarded as unworthy insinuations in some of the questions asked. These protests, however, the Judge overruled and ordered the witness to answer.

After a number of formal questions as to name, place of business, legal standing, identification with Church and the Church Trial, Williams suddenly faced the witness with the startling question:

"Where were you, Mr. Stone, on the night of Whitman's murder?"

"I was in my office from 8 o'clock till after 12 writing a brief and then in my rooms in the Lincoln House."

"Were you alone in your office, or did you have company?" asked Williams.

"It so happened," said Stone, "that two gentlemen interested in a land deal were there conversing with me till about 10 o'clock. I then left them to talk over the proposition more fully and went into my private office to work upon my brief."

"Did these gentlemen remain in the main office while you were alone in your private office?" asked Williams.

"They did remain till after midnight."

"Did you hold any conversation with them while

you were in the private office and they were in the public office?"

Stone replied: "Only an occasional remark or two."

"How do you know they remained until after midnight?"

"A little after 12," said Stone, "one of them called out, 'What time is it? my watch has stopped,' and I answered, it is ten minutes past twelve."

"When did the gentlemen leave?"

"I heard them go out soon after the question was asked," replied the witness.

"When did you leave the office?"

"A few minutes after my friends had gone."

"Did they bid you goodnight?"

"They certainly did," said Stone.

"Did you bid them goodnight?"

"I assuredly did say to them 'Goodnight, boys,'" replied Stone.

"And you swear positively that you were in your office uninterruptedly from about 8 o'clock in the evening until after 12 on the night of Whitman's murder?"

"I do," replied Stone confidently.

By this time the Judge and Jury and all the spectators were thoroughly apprised from the drift of the questions that some additional revelations were to come, and the tension of feeling and interest was wrought up to a very high pitch.

The witness himself, a man well trained in Court experience and well versed in the art of exciting emotion in others and hiding it in himself, was beginning to show the storm of nervous exhaustion caused by the downfall of his chief lieutenant, Havergal, and by the very exasperating questions Williams had dared to address to him, every one of which pointed the finger of suspicion upon himself.

Williams seemed to know intuitively that the psychological moment had arrived for breaking down Stone's defences, and after a moment's quiet, rushed upon the witness with a tremendous energy in his voice and manner and shouted in his ear:

"Have you a secret exit from your inner office?"

Stone visibly started, quailed before the force of that question as from a blow. His countenance changed and one could see that the shaft had gone home and pierced the soul of the lawyer. There was no answer. The question was repeated, and no response till the Judge ordered the witness to answer. Then in a low voice Stone said, "Yes."

"Did you not leave the inner office about 10 o'clock on the night of the murder and proceed in an auto toward the mountains?" asked Williams.

"I did not," Stone replied defiantly.

Here Williams asked permission to introduce evidence circumstantial to prove that another person than Rose Cameron committed the murder. He stated his grounds for request. There was no direct and positive evidence that Rose Cameron committed the deed. All the evidence was circumstantial. And hence there was no way of combating the circumstantial evidence against the accused except by showing—as he proposed to do—that there was other and stronger evidence of a circumstantial character against another.

He was granted permission to introduce a phonographic record which had been found in Stone's inner office by a detective (Sensation)—also an exhibit of fragments of a man's coat, including a button and a shred of cloth and lining and some scraps of paper with burned edges. He then proceeded with Stone's examination by asking:

"Are you aware that a man left your office about 10 o'clock by the secret exit on the night of the

murder and proceeded in an auto toward the foothills and left the auto for an hour or more and returned to it about 1 o'clock, changed his suit of clothing, and hired the driver to secrete the first suit and afterwards burn it?"

"I know nothing about any such occurrence. I was busy with my writing," answered Stone.

"Here," said Williams, "are the charred remnants of a coat burned in a little ravine on the mountain side recently. See here a scrap of newspaper dated four days before the murder—evidently used to wrap the suit in—and on the margin it has the name of John Stone. The suit from which these remnants came was made for you by Miller Brothers of this city. Their books show you bought it three years ago. The cloth has been identified from their warehouse. Do you recognize these as remnants of a suit you once owned?"

"No, I do not," snarled the witness, who had the look of a beast at bay.

"Do you recognize this phonographic record?" asked the council.

"No," blurted out the witness, whose temper was now master of him, and who looked as though he could murder the lawyer so unmercifully driving him over the precipice.

"Did you," continued Williams, "have a phonograph in your office on the night of the murder, with a prepared record to answer a prepared question, and a confederate there to operate it for you to fraudulently prepare an alibi?"

"No," said Stone, in a voice vibrant with passion.

Meanwhile Rose sat with varying emotions upon her tell-tale face, evidently forgetting for a time her own danger, in her growing pity for the poor wretch, around whose neck Williams was adding strand after strand of the silken cord that should strangle him a

little later. Everyone who heard the questions and answers and saw the changing countenance of the witness, felt that Stone was already a doomed man.

Stone was dismissed and slunk away to his seat in the corner so thoroughly weakened in body and mind by the deadly fear that had seized him that he almost lost self-control. After a moment or two his nervous tension was so great and he was so uncomfortable that seizing his hat he was proceeding out of the Court Room when a hand was laid upon his shoulder and a policeman in plain clothes exhibited his star and said: "I am ordered to arrest you if you attempt to leave the room."

Next the negro chauffeur was called upon and deposed to the fact that he had been engaged by Stone to drive him on the night of the murder to the foothills and that Stone was dressed in the checkered suit, the remnants of which were on exhibition; that Stone left the auto between 11 and 12 and came back about 1 o'clock, that he then changed his clothes, having with him another suit in the bundle; that Stone returned with him in the auto, and paid him for secreting the suit and for burning it at some distance from where the auto halted. The above evidence was received by the Court who overruled some objections of the State Attorney.

Turning to the Judge, Williams said:

"Your Honor, may I ask in the interests of truth and justice that this session stand adjourned, and that Your Honor and the Jury repair to Mr. Stone's inner office to view the secret exit and the phonograph and record as a thorough understanding of these is necessary to elucidate the plot in connection with the murder."

The judge adjourned the Court and ordered the Jury to repair with him and the Counsel to the chambers occupied by Stone. When gathered in the inner

office Williams and Thompson, by a removal of the desk and pressing a panel in the wall, showed an entrance to an adjoining room, from which through a trap door and by means of a rope ladder a person could make an exit into the hall and then out of the building.

Next they adjusted the record to the phonograph and showed how Stone, by the aid of an assistant in his inner office and a confederate in the outer office, was able to respond in a voice that could be recognized to a prepared question when he himself was far away.

Richard Stone was placed under arrest for the murder of Whitman before the Court resumed its session at 3 p. m. Williams then called the young campers as witnesses for the defence, who in turn confessed they had been bribed by Stone to give the evidence as to the quarrel between Rose and Whitman—that they had appeared under fictitious names and, that upon being confronted with their own photos from the Rogues' Gallery in Denver as wanted by the police there, they had determined upon legal advice, to make a full confession and seek the leniency of the Court. Then occurred what had seldom or never appeared before, the submission of a case to the Jury without a summing up of evidence on the part of the prosecuting attorney.

Williams' address was brief but eloquent, and dwelt upon the persecution of Rose and upon her heroic conduct in hiding the name of her betrayer from the public—preferring rather to suffer disgrace and ignominy herself than injure the woman who had befriended her as a stranger in a strange city. He traced her lofty conduct, her forbearance and her courage and Christlike spirit to the exalted teachings of that great man and noble teacher and prophet, Paul Whitman, whose name had been vilified but whose character would yet be vindicated and become

resplendent as the noon-day sun. He was a confident that the Jury would not require much time to reach the decision, and that their verdict would be a full and ample refutation of all false charges and accusations against one of the noblest and most heroic women of the age.

There were times when his eloquent words so stirred the emotions of the jurors and spectators that only the stern reprimand of the Court prevented an outburst of applause. His Honor charged the Jury strongly in favor of the acquittal of Rose Cameron. The Jury retired and were locked in, but were absent only half an hour when they returned with a verdict of "Not Guilty!"

It was impossible then to restrain the people who not only broke out into thunders of applause but rose en masse and, forgetful of the dignity of the place and the solemnity of the occasion, were surging toward the dais till the Sergeant at Arms and his assistants drove them back and restored order, after which the session was duly adjourned.

It is singular how suddenly popular sentiment may change and to what heights it may rise, and how mighty are its reactions. The people were so caught in the great tidal wave of sentiment that arose in favor of Rose and her attorney and the young detective, Thompson—now recognized as the power behind the throne—that they insisted on seeing and congratulating Rose and her two friends. Williams, however, securing the attention of the surging mass and thanking them for their good will, explained to them how impossible it would be for Miss Cameron after the ordeal of the trial to meet the many who were clamoring for a handshake and a brief interview. Then a gentleman who was manager of the largest hotel in the city arose and asked if Miss Cameron, Williams and Thompson would meet their friends in his Recep-

tion Room the following evening—offering its gratuitous use and promising it should be suitably decorated for the occasion.

This proposal elicited a ringing cheer and a promise having been made by Williams the company dispersed, and Rose was led out supported by Williams and Thompson to a quiet hotel where she found needed rest and refreshment.

In parting from them an hour later Rose took a hand of each in hers and said, "For what you have done for me, and done so well, so unselfishly, and also for Him who is ever in my mind and heart, I have not words to thank you. My poor speech can only faintly express the deep gratitude of my heart. My life shall testify my gratitude, and I want to thank you in His name. Heaven must—I know heaven will reward you as I never can——" and bursting into a flood of tears she turned hastily away and left them.

Next evening the spacious Reception Room of the Arlington Hotel was most elaborately adorned with a wilderness of flowers and foliage plants. Exquisite music was discoursed by a fine orchestra. The spacious hall was thronged with the wealth and fashion of the city, and many citizens of note and influence were present when Rose, simply but most becomingly gowned in white, with a single rose as ornament upon her bosom and supported by her two legal friends, walked through the room to receive the congratulations and the praise of all. She was praised until her cheeks burned crimson, and she tried again and again to turn the tide of congratulations upon Williams and Thompson, and these two generous souls with the same unselfishness gave the credit to each other and praised Rose.

From the obscurity and obloquy of the prison cell Rose had risen in a day to be a general favorite with all classes. Her youth, her beauty, her heroism, her

high sense of honor and her remarkable career were on everyone's lips.

It would seem as though the people were determined to make amends for their wrong judgment, their stolid indifference, their injustice and bitter persecution by every act of kindness and appreciation.

Rose had settled in a neat little bungalow in the suburbs and, with the money readily advanced to her on Whitman's unincumbered farm, was able at moderate expense to furnish it tastefully and live in comfort with a maid as her sole companion. Here she received from time to time her visitors whose continued good-will after the trial showed the hold she had won on the minds and hearts of the very community that had so unjustly persecuted her before.

A month had passed by since the trial and Thompson—as he was known in the city—had returned to his home and his work. Her life was settling down into order and calm after the excitement of her imprisonment and trial when Williams called one evening upon a "little matter of business."

"Yes, and I know very well what business it is," said Rose, "for I have already spoken to you twice about it, but you have put me off each time. Your bill should have been paid long ago. I suppose it is a large one."

"But," remarked Williams, "you told me the night of the trial you could never pay me."

"And that is quite true," said Rose. "No matter if it took the farm my Teacher gave me—that and many farms could never pay you. I owe my liberty, possibly my life to you."

"I think you said also," continued Williams, "that Heaven would repay me."

"Why so I did," said Rose. "How well you remember."

"Yes," responded Williams, "my memory is per-

fect in some subjects. It seems to me—I remember every word you ever spoke to me—every look, every inflection of your voice I ever heard.”

She arose at this—as under some internal excitement or emotion—and turned her face from him—as though in fear—but again took her seat beside him and said:

“But the fee, Mr. Williams?”

“Oh, yes,” said Williams, “the fee. It is a very large one and I need it now very much.”

She moved nervously to her little desk nearby and was reaching out for her check book when he gently restrained her hand and leading her back to the sofa took a seat beside her and, still holding her hand imprisoned, he said:

“Rose, I am going to ask the largest fee a woman ever paid. I am going to ask the hand and the heart of the woman I love.”

She turned her gaze upon him and seemed to be looking down into the depths of his soul, and then as if satisfied, resigned herself to his embrace.

“The first time I saw you,” he continued, “admiration sprang up in my heart. Then as I learned your sufferings, pity and sympathy grew up in my soul for you. Then as I knew you better I began to love and worship you. Rose, dear, let me make a confession. I do not deserve the praise you and others have given me. I was fighting not only a battle for truth and innocence and justice for you, I was fighting for myself as well. I knew I could not live without you. I’ve been fighting for my own life as well as yours. Have I fought the battle well?”

He felt her hand trembling in his and saw the face half turned away, and for a moment was in doubt—when suddenly she looked up at him—the tear drops trembling on her long eye lashes and her face

radiant with a heavenly smile, reminding him of sunshine and flowers after rain, and throwing maidenly modesty aside, said simply,

"I love you."

And Williams said a moment after,

"Heaven has amply repaid me."



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